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JIMMY'S CRUISE IN THE "PINAFORE."

BY LOUISA M. ALCOTT.

HOW HE SHIPPED.

A BOY sat on a door-step in a despondent attitude, with his eyes fixed on a pair of very shabby shoes, and his elbows resting on his knees, as if to hide the big patches there. But it was not the fact that his toes were nearly out and his clothes dilapidated which brought the wrinkles to his forehead and the tears to his eyes, for he was used to that state of things and bore it without complaint. The prospect was a dull one for a lively lad full of the spring longings which sunny April weather always brings. But it was not the narrow back street where noisy children played and two or three dusty trees tried to bud without sunshine, that made him look so dismal. Nor was it the knowledge that a pile of vests was nearly ready for him to trudge away with before he could really rest after doing many errands to save mother's weary feet.

No, it was a burden that lay very heavily on his heart and made it impossible to even whistle as he waited. Above the sounds that filled the street he heard a patient moan from the room within, and, no matter what object his eyes rested on, he saw with sorrowful distinctness a small, white face turned wistfully toward the window as if weary of the pillow where it had lain so long.

Merry little Kitty, who used to sing and dance from morning till night, was now so feeble and wasted that he could carry her about like a baby. All day she lay moaning softly, and her one com-

fort was when "brother" could come and sing to her. That night he could not sing; his heart was so full, because the doctor had said that the poor child must have country air as soon as possible, else she never would recover from the fever which left her such a sad little ghost of her former self. But, alas! there was no money for the trip, and mother was sewing day and night to earn enough for a week at least of blessed country air and quiet. Jimmy did his best to help, but could find very little to do, and the pennies came in so slowly he was almost in despair.

There was no father to lend a strong hand, and Mrs. Nelson was one of the "silent poor" who cannot ask for charity, no matter how much they may need it. The twelve-year-old boy considered himself the man of the family, and manfully carried as many burdens as his young shoulders would bear; but this was a very heavy one, so it is no wonder that he looked sober. Holding his curly head in his hands as if to keep it from flying asunder with the various plans working inside, he sat staring at the dusty bricks in a desperate frame of mind.

Warm days were coming and every hour was precious, for poor Kitty pined in the close room, and all he could do was to bring her dandelions and bits of green grass from the common when she begged to go in the fields and pick "pretties" for herself. He loved the little sister dearly, and, as he remembered her longing, his eyes filled and

he doubled up both fists with an air of determination, muttering to himself:

"She *shall* go! I don't see any other way and I'll do it!"

The plan which had been uppermost lately was this: His father had been a sailor, and Jimmy proposed to run away to sea as cabin boy. His wages were to be paid before he went, so mother and Kitty could be in the country while he was gone, and in a few months he would come sailing gayly home to find the child her rosy self again. A very boyish and impossible plan, but he meant it, and was in just the mood to carry it out—for every other attempt to make money had failed.

"I'll do it as sure as my name is Jim Nelson. I'll take a look at the ships this very night, and go in the first one that will have me," he said, with a resolute nod of the head, though his heart sank within him at the thought. "I wonder which kind of captains pays boys best? I guess I'll try a steamer; they make short trips. I heard the cannon to-day, so one is in, and I'll try for a place before I go to bed."

Little did desperate Jimmy guess what ship he would really sail in, nor what a prosperous voyage he was about to make, for help was coming that very minute, as it generally does, sooner or later, to generous people who are very much in earnest.

First a shrill whistle was heard, at the sound of which he looked up quickly; then a rosy-faced girl of about his own age came skipping down the street, swinging her hat by one string; and, as Jimmy watched her approach, a smile began to soften the grim look he wore, for Willy Bryant was his best friend and neighbor, being full of courage, fun and kindness. He nodded and made room for her on the step, the place she usually occupied at spare moments when they got lessons and recounted their scrapes to one another.

But to-night Willy seemed possessed of some unusually good piece of news which she chose to tell in her own lively fashion, for, instead of sitting down, she began to dance a sailor's hornpipe, singing gayly: "I'm little Buttercup, sweet little Buttercup," till her breath gave out.

"What makes you so jolly, Will?" asked Jimmy as she dropped down beside him and fanned herself with the ill-used hat.

"Such fun—you'll never guess—just what we wanted—if your mother only will! You'll dance, too, when you know," panted the girl, smiling like a substantial sort of fairy come to bring good luck.

"Fire away, then. It will have to be extra nice to set me off. I don't feel a bit like jigs now," answered Jimmy, as the gloom obscured his face again, like a cloud over the sun.

"You know 'Pinafore'?" began Will, and, get-

ting a quick nod for an answer, she poured forth the following tale with great rapidity: "Well, some folks are going to get it up with children to do it, and they want any boys and girls that can sing to go and be looked at to-morrow, and the good ones will be picked out, and dressed up, and taught how to act, and have the nicest time that ever was. Some of our girls are going, and so am I, and you sing and must come, too, and have some fun. Wont it be jolly?"

"I guess it would; but I can't. Mother needs me every minute out of school," began Jimmy, with a shake of the head, having made up his mind some time ago that he must learn to do without fun.

"But we shall be paid for it," cried Will, clapping her hands with the double delight of telling the best part of her story, and seeing Jimmy's sober face clear suddenly as if the sun had burst forth with great brilliancy.

"Really? How much? Can I sing well enough?" and he clutched her arm excitedly, for this unexpected ray of hope dazzled him.

"Some of them will have ten dollars a week, and some more—the real nice ones, like Lee, the singing boy, who is a wonder," answered Will, in the tone of one well informed on such points.

"Ten dollars!" gasped Jimmy, for the immensity of the sum took his breath away. "Could I get that? How long? Where do we go? Do they really want us fellows? Are you sure it's all true?"

"It was all in the paper, and then Miss Pym, the teacher who



RALPH.

boards at our house, told Ma about it. The folks advertised for school children, sixty of 'em, and will really pay; and Ma said I could go and try, and all the money I get I'm going to put in a bank and have for my own. Don't you believe me now?"

Miss Pym and the newspapers settled the matter in Jimmy's mind, and made him more anxious than before about the other point.

"Do you think I would have any chance?" he

asked, still holding Will, who seemed inclined for another dance.

"I know you would. Don't you do splendidly at school? And did n't they want you for a choir-boy, only your mother could n't spare you?" answered Will, decidedly, for Jimmy did love music and had a sweet little pipe of his own, as she well knew.

"Mother will have to spare me now, if they pay like that. I can work all day and do without sleep to earn money this way. Oh, Will, I'm so glad you came, for I was just ready to run away to sea.

There did n't seem anything else to do," whispered Jimmy in a choky sort of tone, as hopes and fears struggled together in his boyish mind.

"Run as fast as you like and I'll go too. We'll sail in the 'Pinafore' and come home with our pockets full of money."

"Sing, hey, the merry maiden and the tar!"

burst out Will, who was so full of spirits she could not keep still another minute.

Jimmy joined in, and the fresh voices echoed through the street so pleasantly that Mrs. Peters stopped scolding her six squabbling children, while Kitty's moaning changed to a feeble little sound of satisfaction, for "brother's" lullabies were her chief comfort and delight.

"We shall lose school, you know, for we act in the afternoon, not the evening. I don't care; but you will, you like to study so well. Miss Pym did n't like it at first, but Ma said it would help the poor folks, and a little fun would n't hurt the children. I thought of you right away, and if you don't get as much money as I do, you shall have some of mine, so Kitty can go to the country soon."

Will's merry face grew very sweet and kind as she said that, and Jimmy was glad his mother called him just then, because he did not know how to thank this friend in need. When he came out with the parcel of vests he looked like a different boy, for Mrs. Nelson had told him to go and find out all about it, and had seemed as much dazzled

by the prospect as he was; sewing was such weary work.

The interview with Miss Pym was a most encouraging one, and it was soon settled that Jimmy should go with Will to try for a place on the morrow.

"And I'll get it, too!" he said to himself, as he kissed Kitty's thin cheek, full of the sweet hope that he might be the means of bringing back life and color to the little face he loved so well.

He was so excited he could not sleep, and beguiled the long hours by humming under his breath all the airs he knew belonging to the already popular opera. Next morning he flew about his work as if for a wager, and when Will came for him there was not a happier heart in all the city than the hopeful one that thumped under Jimmy's thread-bare best jacket.

Such a crowd of girls and boys as they found at the hall where they were told to apply for inspection! Such a chirping and piping went on there, it sounded like a big cage full of larks and linnets! And by and by, when the trial was over, such a smiling troop of children as was left to be drilled by the energetic gentlemen who had the matter in hand! Among this happy band stood our Jimmy, chosen for his good voice, and Will, because of her bright face and lively, self-possessed manners. They could hardly wait to be dismissed, and it was a race home to see who should be first to tell the good news. Jimmy tried to be quiet on Kitty's

account, but failed entirely; and it was a pleasant sight to see the boy run into his mother's arms, crying joyfully:

"I'm in! I'm in! Ten dollars a week! Hurrah!"

"I can hardly believe it!" and weary Mrs. Nelson dropped her needle to indulge in a few moments of delightful repose.

"If it goes well they may want us for a month or six weeks, the manager said. Oh! just think, may be I'll get fifty

or sixty dollars! and Baby will get well right off," cried Jimmy, in an arithmetical sort of rapture, as he leaned above Kitty, who clapped her hands without quite knowing what the joy was about.



JOSEPHINE.



SIR JOSEPH, K. C. B.

HOW HE SAILED.

AFTER that day, Jimmy led a very happy life, for he loved music and enjoyed the daily drill with his mates, though it was long before he saw the inside of the theater. Will knew a good deal about it, for an actor's family had boarded with her mother, and the little girl had been behind the scenes. But to Jimmy, who had only seen one fairy play, all was very strange when at last he went upon the stage, for the glittering world he expected was gone, and all was dusty, dark and queer, with trap-doors under foot, machinery over head, and a wilderness of scenery



LITTLE BUTTERCUP.

jumbled together in the drollest way. He was all eyes and ears, and enjoyed himself immensely as he came and went, sung and acted with the troop of lads who made up the sailor chorus. It was a real ship to him in spite of painted cannon, shaky masts, and cabin doors that led nowhere. He longed to run up the rigging; but as that was forbidden, for fear of danger, he contented himself by obeying orders with nautical obedience, singing with all his might, and taking great satisfaction in his blue suit with the magical letters "H. M. S. Pinafore" round his cap.

Day by day all grew more and more interesting. His mother was never tired of hearing his adventures, he sung Kitty to sleep with the new songs, and the neighbors took such a friendly interest in his success that they called him Lord Nelson, and predicted that he would be as famous as his great namesake.

When the grand day came at last, and the crew of jolly young tars stood ready to burst forth with the opening chorus,

"We sail the ocean blue,
Our saucy ship's a beauty,
We're gallant men and true,
And bound to do our duty!"

Jimmy hardly knew whether he stood on his head or his heels at first, for, in spite of many rehearsals, everything seemed changed. Instead of daylight,

gas shone everywhere, the empty seats were full, the orchestra played splendidly, and when the curtain rose, a sea of friendly faces welcomed them, and the pleasant sound of applause made the hearts under the blue jackets dance gayly.

How those boys did sing! how their eyes shone, and their feet kept time to the familiar strains! with what a relish they hitched up their trousers and lunched about, or saluted and cheered as the play demanded! With what interest they watched the microscopic midshipmite, listened to Ralph as his sweet voice melodiously told the story of his hapless love, and smiled on pretty Josephine who was a regular bluebird without the scream.

"Aint this fun?" whispered Jimmy's next neighbor, taking advantage of a general burst of laughter, as the inimitable little bum-boat woman advertised her wares with captivating drollery.

"Right down jolly!" answered Jimmy, feeling that a series of somersaults across the stage would be an immense relief to the pent-up emotions of his boyish soul. For under all the natural excitement of the hour, deep down lay the sweet certainty that he was earning health for Kitty, and it made his heart sing for joy more blithely than any jovial chorus to which he lent his happy voice.

But his bliss was not complete till the stately Sir Joseph, K. C. B., had come aboard, followed by "his sisters and his cousins and his aunts;" for among that flock of devoted relatives in white muslin and gay ribbons was Will. Standing in the front row, her bright face was good to see, for her black eyes sparkled, every hair on her head curled its best, her cherry bows streamed in the breeze, and her feet pranced irresistibly at the lively parts of the music. She longed to dance the hornpipe which the little Quaker aunt did so capitally, but being denied that honor, distinguished herself by the comic vigor with which she "polished up the handle of the big front door," and did the other "business" recorded by the gallant "ruler of the Queen's Navee."



CAPTAIN CORCORAN.

She and Jimmy nodded to one another behind the admiral's august back, and while Captain Corcoran was singing to the moon, and Buttercup



COUSIN MABEL.

suffering the pangs of "wemorse," the young people had a gay time behind the scenes. Jimmy and Will sat upon a green baize bank to compare notes, while the relatives flew about like butterflies, and the sailors talked base-ball, jack-knives, and other congenial topics, when not envying Sir Joseph his cocked hat, and the captain his epaulettes.

It was a very successful launch, and the merry little crew set sail with a fair wind and every prospect of a prosperous voyage. When the first performance was over, our two children left their fine feathers behind them, like Cinderella when the magic hour struck, and went gayly home, feeling much elated, for they knew they should go back to fresh triumphs, and they were earning money by their voices like Jenny Lind and Mario. How they pitied other boys and girls who could not go in at that mysterious little door; how important they felt as parts of the spectacle about which every one was talking, and what millionaires they considered themselves as they discussed their earnings and planned what to do with the prospective fortunes!

That was the beginning of many busy, happy weeks for both the children; weeks which they long remembered with great pleasure, as did older and wiser people, for that merry, innocent little opera proved that theaters can be made the scenes of harmless amusement, and opened to a certain class of young people a new and profitable field for their talents. So popular did this small company become that the piece went on to the summer vacation, and was played in the morning as well as afternoon, to satisfy the crowds who wished to see and hear it.

Never had the dear old Boston Museum, which so many of us have loved and haunted for years, seen such a pretty sight as one of those morning performances. It was the perfection of harmless merry-making, and the audience was as pleasant a

spectacle as that upon the stage. Fathers and mothers stole an hour from their busy lives to come and be children with their children, irresistibly attracted and charmed by the innocent fun, the gay music that bewitched the ear one could hardly tell why, and the artless acting of those who are always playing parts, whether the nursery or the theater is their stage.

The windows stood open, and sunshine and fresh air came in to join the revel. Babies crowded and prattled, mammas chatted together, old people found they had not forgotten how to laugh, and boys and girls rejoiced over the discovery of a new delight for holidays. It was good to be there, and in spite of all the discussion in papers and parlors, no harm came to the young mariners, but much careful training of various sorts, and well-earned wages that went into pockets which sorely needed a silver lining.

HOW THE VOYAGE ENDED.

So the good ship "Pinafore" sailed and sailed for many prosperous weeks, and when at last she came into port and dropped anchor for the season she was received with a salute of general approbation for the successful engagement out of which she came with her flags flying and not one of her gallant crew killed or wounded. Well pleased with their share of the glory, officers and men went ashore to spend their prize money with true sailor generosity, all eager to ship for another cruise in the autumn if their services should be needed.

But long before that time, Able Seaman James Nelson had sent his family out into the country; mother begging Will to take good care of her dear boy till he could join them, and his sister Kitty throwing back kisses as she smiled good-bye with cheeks already rosier for all the comforts "brother" had earned for



BILL BOBSTAY, THE BO'S'N.

her. Jimmy would not desert his ship while she floated, but managed to spend his Sundays out of town, often taking Will with him as first mate,

and, thanks to her lively tongue, friends were soon made for the new-comers. Mrs. Nelson found plenty of sewing, Kitty grew strong and well in the fine air, and the farmer with whom they lived, seeing what a handy lad the boy was, offered him work and wages for the summer, so all could be independent and together. With this comfortable prospect before him, Jimmy sang away like a contented black-bird, never tiring of his duty, for he was a general favorite, and Kitty literally strewed his way with flowers gathered by her own grateful little hands.

When the last day came, he was in such spirits that he was found doing double-shuffles in corners, hugging the midshipmite, who was a little chap of about Kitty's age, and treating his messmates to peanuts with a lavish hand. Will had her hornpipe, also, when the curtain was down, kissed every one of the other "sisters, cousins and aunts" and joined lustily in the rousing farewell cheers given by the crew.

A few hours later, a cheerful-looking boy might have been seen trudging toward one of the railway stations. A new hat, brave in blue streamers, was on his head, a red balloon struggled to escape from one hand, a shabby carpet-bag, stuffed full, was in the other, and a pair of shiny shoes creaked briskly as if the feet inside were going on a very pleasant errand.

About this young traveler, who walked with a sailor-like roll and lurch, revolved a little girl chattering like a magpie, and occasionally breaking into song as if she couldn't help it.

"Be sure you come next Saturday; it won't be anything like such fun if you don't go halves," said the boy, beaming at his lively companion as he hauled down the impatient balloon which seemed inclined to break from its moorings.



MIDSHIPMITE.

"Yes I know
That is so!"

hummed the girl with a skip to starboard that she might bear a hand with the bag. "Keep some cherries for me, and don't forget to give Kit the doll I dressed for her."

"I should n't have been going myself if it had n't been for you, Will. I never shall forget that," said Jimmy, whom intense satisfaction rendered rather more sedate than his friend.

"Running away to sea is great fun,

"With a tar that ploughs the water!"

sung Will in spite of herself.

"And a gallant captain's daughter,"

echoed Jimmy, smiling across the carpet-bag. Then both joined in an irrepressible chorus of "Dash it! Dash it!" as a big man nearly upset them and a dog barked madly at the balloon.

Being safely landed in the train, Jimmy hung out of the window till the last minute discussing his new prospects with Will, who stood on tiptoe outside bubbling over with fun.

"I'll teach you to make butter and cheese and you shall be my dairy woman, for I mean to be a farmer," he said, just as the bell rang.

"All right, I'd like that ever so much," and then the irrepressible madcap burst out to the great amusement of the passengers:

"For you might have
been a Roosian,
A Frenchman, Turk or
Proosian,
Or an Itali-an."

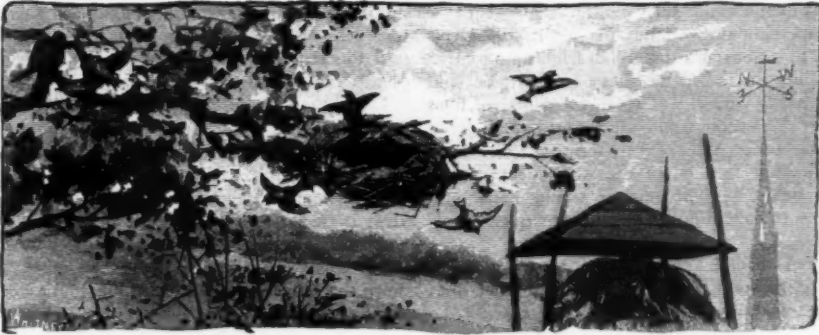
At this, Jimmy could not resist shouting back as the train began to move:

"But in spite of all
temptations
To belong to other na-
tions,
I'm an Amer-i-can."

Then he subsided, to think over the happy holiday before him and the rich cargo of comfort, independence and pleasure he had brought home from his successful cruise in the "Pinafore."



DEADEYE.



FOUR little birds all flew from their nest,—
 Flew north, flew south, to the east and the west;
 They could think of nothing so good to do,
 So they spread their wings and away they flew.

WITCHES' NIGHT.*

BY OLIVE THORNE.

FROM the earliest times men have been trying to look ahead. The ancient Egyptians had oracles where their gods were supposed to answer the questions of men by dreams and other ways; the ancient Greeks also had famous oracles, which people came from far-off lands to consult; the Romans killed certain fowls or animals, and guessed at the future by the looks of their internal organs; the Hebrews and the Babylonians had their own peculiar ways of finding out what was to happen. The world has not yet outgrown the longing to look ahead. The Hindu to-day sets a lamp afloat on his sacred river, and judges of the future by the length of time it burns; the Chinaman consults his "wise men," who pretend to understand signs; the ignorant African takes notice of the cries of birds and animals; the English—not long ago—tried to learn by help of what they call "witches"; and Spiritualists, even now, believe the predictions of a "medium."

No serious attempt to look into the future has been made for a long time by intelligent people, and the old customs have become a frolicsome trying of "charms," especially on one night of the year. It is curious enough that the night selected is the eve of the festival of All Saints, which was

established in the seventh century by a pope of Rome, in honor of all the saints who had no particular day assigned to them. The Romans brought this festival to England; there it became All Hallows, and the evening before it, Hallow-even or Halloween, and that was the night sacred to charms and games. In the seventeenth century, England gave up the night to feasting and frolicking. Nuts and apples were plenty from one end of the island to the other, and "Nut-crack Night" was the name given to it.

In England, the revels were for fun, such as diving for apples floating in a tub of water, and, of course, getting very wet; or trying to snatch in the teeth an apple on one end of a stick, which had a lighted candle at the other end, and, being hung by a string, could be spun around very fast, so that the players often seized the candle instead of the fruit; or a playful fortune-telling by naming nuts, roasting them before the fire, and watching their conduct when heated,—whether they burned steadily, or bounced away, or burst with a noise, each movement of the charmed nut being of great importance.

One nut test was tried by grinding and mixing together a walnut, hazel-nut, and nutmeg, making

* See Frontispiece.

into pills, with butter and sugar, and swallowing them on going to bed. Wonderful dreams would follow (which was not surprising).

In superstitious Scotland, the night was given entirely to serious and sometimes frightful attempts to peer into the future by means of charms. One way of trying fortune was to throw a ball of blue yarn out of a window, and wind it into a ball again from the other end. Near the last something would hold it fast, when the winder must ask: "Who holds?" The answer would name one who was to have importance in the questioner's future.

Another Scotch custom was "pulling kale-stalks." A young person went blindfolded into the garden, pulled up the first kale or cabbage stalk he touched, and carried it into the house. The whole future was read from that stalk: the size indicated the stature of the future partner in life; the quantity of earth at the roots showed the amount of his, or her, fortune; the taste of the pith told what the temper would be; and when the stalk was placed over the door, the first name of the person entering was the fated name.

The island of Lewes, on the coast of Scotland, had some curious customs. Young women made

a "dumb cake," and baked it before the fire with certain ceremonies and in perfect silence, expecting to see wonders; and the people also sacrificed to a sea-god called Shong, throwing a cup of ale into the sea, and calling on him to give them plenty of sea-weed to enrich their grounds.

In another Scotch trial, a girl would go into a barn, holding a winnowing sieve, and stand alone, with both doors open, to see her fate.

The fashion of trying charms is now nearly outgrown among English-speaking people. It survives in America as a pleasant frolic for a social gathering. In our own day, young people "sow hemp-seed," "eat apples before the glass," "go down the cellar stairs backward," holding a candle and a mirror. They also "pop chestnuts," "launch walnut-shells" holding tapers, and try the "three-saucer" test of the future.

In some of our cities, the boys on Halloween collect old tea-kettles, boots, large stones, etc., and deposit them in clean vestibules, ringing the door-bell and running away.

Thus the 31st of October—set apart by a pope as a religious festival—became, in superstitious times, "The Witches' Night;" crossed the ocean as a season for frolics, and ends with a street-boy's joke.

DUKE LEOPOLD'S STONE.

BY MARY E. BRADLEY.

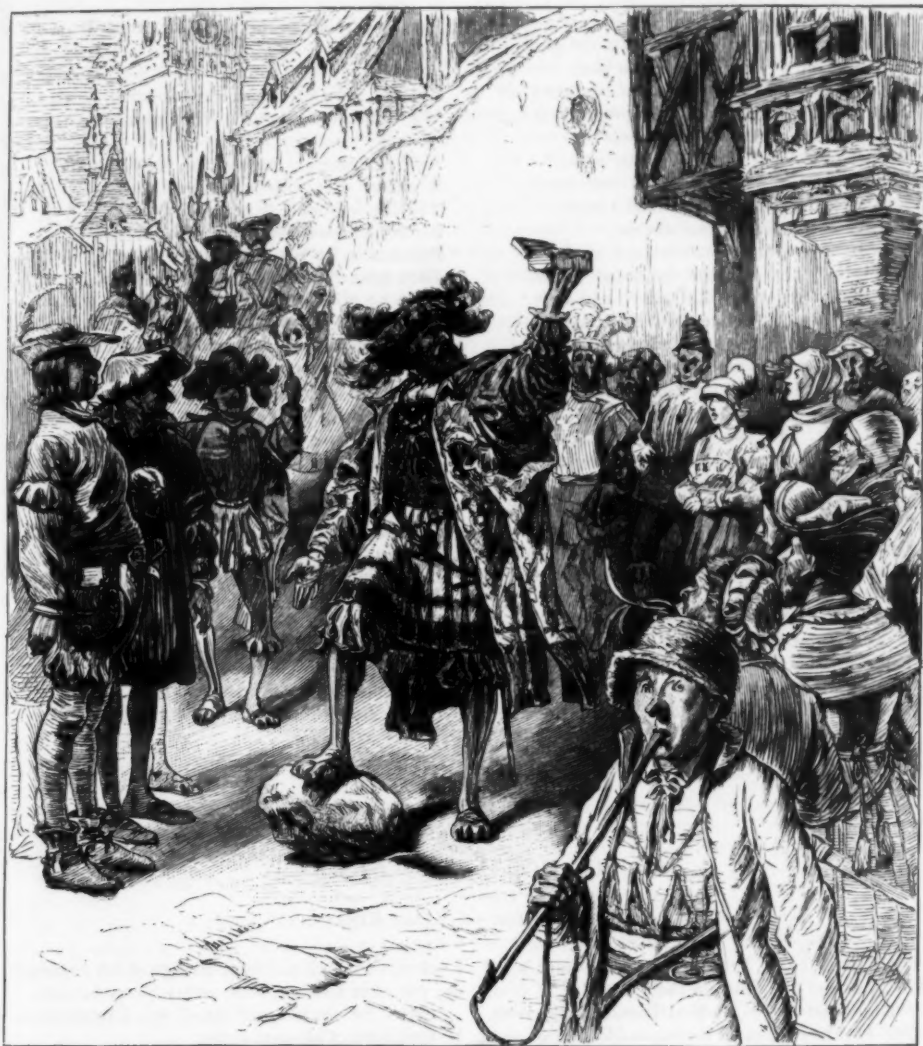
THERE was once a great Duke Leopold,
Who had wit and wisdom, as well as gold,
And used all three in a liberal way
For the good of his people, the stories say.
To see precisely what they would do,
And how nearly a notion of his came true,
He went from his palace one night alone—
When a brooding storm and starless skies
Hid his secret from prying eyes—
And set midway in the road a stone
It was not too big for a man to move—
The Duke was confident on that score;
Yet the weight of the thing was enough to
 prove
The strength of one's muscle—and something
 more.
"Something more," laughed the Duke, as he
 strode
Through wind and rain on his homeward road:

"This time to-morrow I reckon will show
If a notion of mine is correct or no."

From a window high in the palace wall,
He watched next day for the passers-by,
And grimly smiled as they one and all,
Where they found the stone, left the stone to lie.
A lumbering ox-cart came along,
And Hans, the driver, was stout and strong;
One sturdy shove with the right intent
Would have cleared the track of impediment;
But whatever appeared to be needless work,
Or work that another might possibly do,
Hans made it a point of duty to shirk.
He stopped his team for a minute or two,
And scratched his head as he looked about
For the easiest way of getting out:
Then—"Lucky for me that the road is wide,"
He lazily murmured, and drove aside.

The next that came was a grenadier
Bristling in scarlet and gold array;
And he whistled a tune both loud and clear,

To clear their road of this sort of stuff?
A pretty thing for a grenadier
To stumble against, and bark his shins!



"THE LEGEND UPON IT HE READ ALOUD."

But he took no note of the rock in his way.
When its ragged edges scraped his knee—
"Thunder and lightning! what's this?" says he.
"Have n't the blockheads sense enough

If I knew the rascal that planted it here—
Yes, surely! I'd make him see his sins."
He clanked his sword, and he tossed his plume,
And he strutted away in a terrible fume;

But as for moving the stone—not he!—
 “It is just,” said the Duke, “as I thought it
 would be.”

A little later, still watching there,
 He spied on their way to the village Fair,
 A troop of merchants, each with his pack
 Strapped on a well-fed animal's back.
 “Now let us see,” with a nod of his head
 And a merry twinkle, His Highness said:
 “Perhaps this worshipful multitude
 Will lend a hand for the public good.”
 But alack! the company, man and horse,
 Hardly paused in their onward course.
 Instead of cantering four abreast,
 Two by two they went east and west;
 And when they had left the stone behind—
 “To think of a thing like that,” said they,
 “Blocking the high-road for half a day!”
 It never reached the collective mind
 In the light of a matter that implied
 Some possible claim on the other side.

So a week, and two, and three slipped past:
 The rock in the road lay bedded fast,
 And the people grumbling went and came,
 Each with a tongue that was glib to blame,
 But none with a hand to help. At last
 Duke Leopold, being quite content
 With the issue of his experiment,
 Ordered his herald to sound a blast,
 And summon his subjects far and near
 A word from his high-born lips to hear.
 From far and near at the trumpet call,
 They gathered about the palace wall,
 And the Duke, at the head of a glittering train,

Rode through the ranks of wondering eyes
 To the spot where the stone so long had lain.
 I will leave you to picture their blank surprise,
 When he leaped from his horse with a smiling
 face,
 And royal hands pushed the stone from its
 place!

But the stare of amazement became despair
 When the Duke stooped down with his gracious
 air,
 And took from a hollow the rock had hid
 A casket shut with a graven lid.
 The legend upon it he read aloud
 To a silent, and very crest-fallen crowd:—
 “This box is for him, and for him alone
 Who takes the trouble to move this stone.”
 Then he raised the lid, and they saw the shine
 Of a golden ring, and a purse of gold;
 “Which might have been yours,” said Duke
 Leopold,
 “But now I regret to say is mine.
 It was I who for reasons of my own
 Hindered your highway with the stone.
 What the reasons were you have doubtless
 guessed
 Before this time. And as for the rest,
 I think there is nothing more to say.
 My dear good friends, I wish you good-day!”
 He mounted his horse, and the glittering train
 After their leader galloped again.
 With sound of trumpet and gleam of gold
 They flashed through the ranks of downcast eyes,
 And the crowd went home feeling rather “sold”
 —Perhaps, however, a lesson lies
 In the story, that none of us need despise.

MR. CAROTHERS' SECRET.

BY THE AUTHOR OF “DAB KINZER.”

“FATHER,” said Fred Matthews, “there’s old
 Mr. Carothers and Sam, in their boat.”

“Right ahead of us,” added Tom, from the bows.
 Mr. Matthews stopped rowing and looked around.
 There they were, and it looked as if they, too,
 were on their way home.

“What luck?” asked Mr. Matthews, when the
 two boats drew a little nearer to each other.

“Pretty good,” said Mr. Carothers. “Sam,
 my boy, show ‘em the fish.”

Sam was an older and taller boy than either

Fred or Tom, but the three strings of fish he lifted
 up, one after another, were pretty heavy for him.

“How ‘ve you done?” asked Mr. Carothers, as
 he took hold of his oars again.

“Oh, not very well. We’ve been out a dozen
 times since we came, and we don’t seem to find the
 right place,” said Mr. Matthews.

“Why, the lake’s just swarming with fish.
 Guess you have n’t found out the knack of it.”

“Guess not. But I thought I knew how to
 catch fish. Fred, show him our string.”

Fred did so, and he was a good deal ashamed of them. They looked so few and so small compared with the lot lifted up by Sam Carothers.

"Tell ye what, neighbor!" exclaimed the old gentleman, "I've twice what I'll know what to do with. Jest you take one of my strings."

Mr. Matthews objected, a little, but Mr. Carothers would not take "no" for an answer; and then, it was such a very fine mess of fish.

"He 's a very neighborly man, I declare," said Mr. Matthews, as he pulled away toward the landing in front of his own house. "But he 's the luckiest fisherman I ever heard of."

The boys thought so, too, and they said so, when they got ashore. They said it to Parker, the colored man their father had hired to take care of his horses, when he bought the farm on the shore of the lake.

"Yes, sah!" exclaimed Parker. "He 's jest the luckiest. He is. He allers had good luck. When he kep' de store at de corners, he made a heap ob money. Den he 's de luckiest farmer in dese parts. Allers has a good crap. Nuffin ebber goes wrong wid his craps and his critters. Yes, sah! Old man Carothers has de luck."

"Wish I knew how he catches so many fish," said Fred.

"Jest you watch him, den. Mebbe you kin l'arn de secret."

"Let 's watch him," said Tom.

Parker had a good deal more to say, but it was arranged between him and the boys that they should try for a lesson in fishing from Mr. Carothers.

They only had to wait a few days before they found an opportunity. Mr. Matthews had only laughed at them and told them:

"You have n't lived on the shore of the lake so long as he has. The fish know him better than they know you and me."

"Then, said Tom, "I should think they 'd know enough to keep away from him. He 's a good deal more dangerous than we are."

"Unless they want to get caught," laughed his father.

But the boys and Parker were out, the next morning, rowing along just near enough to their neighbor's boat, not to have it seem that they were following him.

"T aint de boat," said Parker. "His 'n 's painted w'ite, jest like our'n, and it 's peaked in front, an' de fish could n't tell 'em apart onless dey was to flop on board."

"No," said Fred, "it is n't the boat. May be it 's the bait."

"No, it is n't de bait. I asked him all 'bout dat. He uses minners and grasshoppers and worms, jest like we do."

"Perhaps," said Tom, "it 's the way he puts 'em on."

"Guess not. Dey goes on de hook 'bout so, any how. It 's de way he fishes."

"We 'll find out," said Fred. "He 's anchoring his boat, now."

"Just so far from de shoah," remarked Parker. "We must 'member dat."

They rowed slowly along as they talked, and there was not a motion made by old Mr. Carothers or by Sam that they did not make a note of.

The old gentleman shouted to them, cheerily hoping they would have a nice day of it and catch a good string of fish; but just then he had to stop talking and pull in a fine, large yellow perch, while Sam was taking a sun-fish from his own hook.

"They 've begun to pull 'em in already," said Fred. "Mr. Carothers, can you tell us where there 's a good fishing-ground?"

"Anywhere. Anywhere. The lake 's just swarming. All you 've got to do is to know how."

"Dat 's it," said Parker. "Dat 's all de trouble 'bout anyt'ing in dis wicked world. Somehow mos' people don't seem to fine out 'bout fishin' or 'bout anyt'ing else. Dar 's lots of things I 'd like to know how."

"So would I," said Fred. "Now let 's row along and do exactly as he and Sam did."

They pulled around a bend in the shore of the lake and Parker was about to drop the anchor when Tom exclaimed:

"Wait, Parker, wait. Sam Carothers poured a lot of stuff into the water, just before they began."

"Nuffin but dirt and sand and rubbish," said Parker. "I 've seen 'em do it afore dis."

"But we must do exactly as he did," said Fred, "if we 're to have any luck."

"So. Den it 's easy nuff to pull ashoah for some dirt."

It was not far to go, true enough, and they brought back half a bushel of rubbish. Then, as soon as they were anchored, at precisely the right distance from land, Parker tumbled the "dirt" into the water.

"Now we 'll catch 'em," he shouted.

"They both fished on one side," said Fred.

"So will we," said Tom. "They held their rods so high."

There was some dispute as to the precise manner in which Sam Carothers and his father threw their lines into the water, but before it could be settled, Fred had a bite.

"I knew I was right," he exclaimed. "Got a bull-head, first thing."

"I was right, too," shouted Tom, at the same instant. "Here comes a pumpkin-seed."

"Sho!" grumbled Parker. But in another

moment he added, exultingly, "I was de mostest right. Mine's a perch. Wot a wopper!"

So it was, and Fred and Sam imitated Parker the next time they threw in their lines. Perch were much better luck than bull-heads or pumpkin-seeds.

That was a very good beginning, and for a little while all three of them were boasting to each other that they had found the secret of Mr. Carothers, "and it was n't much of a secret, after all."

But then, for some reason or other, the fish stopped biting.

"Boys," said Parker, after they had sat a good while in the hot sun without so much as a nibble,—"Boys, all de good of dat ar' secret am gone."

"Seems to me it's used up," said Fred, "and we have n't caught anything like a string of fish."

"No big ones," said Tom. "Most of 'em are shiners and little pumpkin-seeds."

"Hold on," shouted Parker. "I's got a cod-walloper."

"How it does pull!"

"It'll break his pole."

"Or pull his hook off."

"Boys," exclaimed Parker, "jus' you keep still, will you? Dis aint no common kind ob fish. I's got to play him and pull him in slow and kerful."

Parker was evidently in a high state of excitement, and the perspiration was standing out on his dark face in great beads.

How his "pole" did bend, and how steadily and carefully he did work on that tremendous bite! No one would have thought a little lake like that, where no sharks ever came, could have furnished such a bite.

"Tell ye wot, boys, ole man Carothers aint had no sech luck as dis. Not dis morning; nor Sam nuther. Aint I glad dat hook ob mine's a big one. De line, too,—it's a mighty good line."

The boys almost held their breath, and they had no bites of their own to attend to just then.

But it was quite as good fun to sit still and keep the boat balanced, while Parker worked at his prize.

Slowly and cautiously he drew it along nearer the boat, and then he began to pull it up through the water.

At last they could see it!

Dimly, at first, like a dark shadow coming toward the light,—and then more plainly.

"Why, Parker," exclaimed Fred, "it's a log!"

"It's an old branch of a tree," said Tom. "That's all."

"Sho! I declar'! To t'ink of dat fish pullin' de hook out ob his own mouf and stickin' it into dat ar snag! It's de meanest luck ebber was.

But he was n't any common fish; I knowed dat w'en he bit."

The boys were hardly ready to swallow Parker's explanation, and they began to argue the matter, while he was getting his hook out of the long, water-soaked piece of drift-wood he had drawn to the surface.

They might have said more, but just then Fred had a bite. That is, he felt something on his line, but it had been there for some time. He jerked it in, almost frantically, for the pull was a hard one.

"An eel! an eel!" screamed Tom, in great delight. "The luck's yours, Fred. That's the first eel we've caught."

"It's a big one, too," said Fred. "But just see how it has swallowed my hook. Seems as if a foot of the line had gone down his throat."

So it did, and he was now following up that piece of mischief, like the angry eel that he was, by squirming himself into a great snarl and tangle with all the rest of that line.

He succeeded perfectly, and Fred remarked, very soberly:

"I don't want to catch any more eels. There's no use in my trying to get that hook out."

"Never mind," said Tom. "You've another hook and line. Let that one go till we get ashore."

"I'll untwist it for you, then," added Parker. "But we'd best git away from dis yer place. Dar's no luck in eels."

"Hey!" exclaimed Tom. "It's my turn. I knew there was something nibbling at my hook."

"Mebbe it's a snag," said Parker.

"Or an eel," said Fred.

"No, it is n't. He's a-coming. It does n't bite like any other kind of fish."

There was, in fact, no good reason why it should. Why, to be accurate, it should bite like any kind of fish. For when Tom brought his "nibble" to the surface, Parker shouted:

"Snappin' turtle! Snappin' turtle! Look out you don't git yer fingers in his mouf. Oh, but can't dey bite! Dey's wicious!"

Somehow or other, however, the hook had caught that turtle in his upper jaw, so that as long as Tom kept up a steady pull there was no help for it.

In he came, a great heavy fellow, nearly a foot long, and dreadfully out of temper at being lifted out of the water.

"How'll I ever get my hook out of him?" said Tom. "He's a good deal worse than an eel."

"Wuss dan any oder fish," remarked Parker. "He'd bite a hole in a side ob sole leather. Sho!"

As Parker said that, the turtle, now landed safely

on the bottom of the boat, skillfully cast himself loose from the hook. It had merely caught in the hard cartilage of his jaw and had not stuck into it beyond the barb.

"He 's loose!" exclaimed Fred.

"So 's my hook," said Tom. "Don't you wish your eel had known enough to do that?"

"Yes, I do. But a turtle can't squirm like an eel."

"He can bite, though. He 's crawling to the end of the boat."

"Jes' let him creep," said Parker. "I guess he 's in a state ob mind to not be interrupted."

"Guess we need to," said Parker. "Dar mus' be part ob it we did n't see. Wot we foun' out had too many turtles and eels and snags in it. Don't I wish I 'd pulled in dat woppin' big fish ob mine, 'stead ob de codlamper."

The boys had their own notion about Parker's wonderful bite, and were once more beginning to argue the case with him when they rowed out beyond the bend in the lake shore.

"Why!" exclaimed Fred, "Sam and his father have gone."

"So they have!" said Tom.

"Gone?" said Parker. "Tell ye wot, den, de



PARKER'S BIG FISH.

"What 'll we do with him?"

"A snappin' turtle is a kine ob animal wot kin look out for himself won'erful well. Jest you look out for him, dat's all. Guess we 'd best pull up an' git out of dis yer. It 's all eels and snags and sich like."

Fred and Tom were quite willing to take Parker's advice, and, as soon as the anchor was pulled in, he took the oars. The morning was about gone now, and Tom suggested that they should go back and get more information from Mr. Carothers.

"May be," said Fred, "we can learn more of his secret."

bes' notion for dis crowd is jest to go an' drop our anchor whar he dropped his'n. Mebbe he forgot to take his luck home wid him."

"Guess he caught as many fish as he wanted before he went," remarked Fred.

"He was pulling them in fast enough, when we saw him," replied Tom.

They were about right, for Mr. Carothers had come out, that morning, not so much for fun as for a mess of fresh fish for his dinner, and as soon as he had caught what he wanted he went home again.

Very carefully indeed did Parker row around, measuring with his eyes the distance from the

shore, until he and his young friends were sure they were over the right spot.

"But we have n't anything to throw in," said Fred.

"We can go ashore and get a peck of dirt," said Tom.

"Nebber mind," said Parker, as he dropped the anchor. "We must n't put any ob our rubbish in along wid his'n. Not unless we want to spile de luck."

That seemed reasonable, and in a minute or so all three of them had their lines out.

"Sho!" exclaimed Parker, as he pulled in a good-sized perch. "De ole man lef' his luck behind him."

"Here 's more of it!" shouted Fred. "Another perch."

"And I 've got a pickerel," added Tom, with a hurrah that was very imprudent; but the fish continued to bite very well, in spite of the noise, for a while.

"We 've got it now," said Fred. "We can catch all the fish we want, anywhere, after this." Just then there was a dull splash at the bow of the boat, and Parker exclaimed:

"Dar goes de turtle. Good riddance to bad rubbish. I 's glad he 's gone, anyhow."

"I 'd have liked to take him home and show him," said Tom, regretfully. "He was such a big one."

"So he was," said Fred. "Nobody 'll believe he was so big."

But there was no doubt about it. The turtle had managed to climb on the seat, with the help of one of the oars, and had plunged overboard without the least fear of drowning himself.

He was gone, but so, as they shortly discovered, was all their luck.

That is, all the fish had gone.

"What can have become of them," asked Fred, ruefully.

"Guess I know," said Parker. "I 've heard tell dey does n't like turtles for neighbors. Dey saw de ole rascal come in among 'em, and dey moved away."

That was very probably the truth of the matter, but the worst of it was that an hour went by and hardly any of them came back again. Or if they came, they had made up their minds not to bite any more.

"I don't care," said Tom. "We 've got the best string of fish we ever caught in this lake."

"And we 've learned how," added Fred.

"That 's the great thing."

"I 's glad ole Mr. Carothers did n't take all his luck home wid him," said Parker; "but I wish we 'd nebber cotched de turtle."

"So do I," said Fred.

"Wish we 'd kept him," said Tom.

"And don't I wish," groaned Parker, "dat I 'd pulled in de big fish de snag sp'iled for me."

"Guess it was all snag," slyly remarked Fred.

"De whole ob dat bite? Sho! Don't I know? Did a snag ebber pull in dat way, and jerk, and wobble, and mos' take de pole and all out ob my han's? No, I guess not. I knows a fish from a codlamper."

There was no use in arguing against Parker's convictions, and he even seemed a little sensitive about it. So, after they had fished a good while, and were very sure the turtle had spoiled their luck entirely, they once more pulled up their anchor and started for home.

It was not a very long row, and when they drew near the landing, there were Mr. Matthews and Mrs. Matthews and the younger children, waiting for them.

"Well, boys," said their father, "what success this time?"

"Splendid!" said Fred, as he lifted one string of fish and Tom another. "Just look at them."

"Why, boys," said their mother, "how well you have done! And some of them are of a very good size, too."

"Yes, ma'am!" exclaimed Parker. "Dey 's sizable fish, but dey is n't one ob 'em so big as de big fish I caught."

"And where is he? I 'd like to see him."

"Yes, ma'am! But to tell de troof, I does n't know jest whar he is."

"Then you lost him?"

"Yes, ma'am! He loss himself. You see, dar was a snag, and de hook got caught in de snag, somehow, an' de fish got away——"

"And O, mother," interrupted Tom, "I caught the biggest kind of a snapping-turtle."

"Did you, my son? Where is he?"

"Why, mother, we had him in the boat ever so long, and then he dove into the lake and got away."

"Did he? I 'd have liked to see him. Was he large?"

"Yes, mother, he was," said Fred. "And I caught an eel."

"And did he too get away?"

"No, mother, but he swallowed ever so much of my fish-line, and he snarled himself up in the rest, and there he is now, in the bottom of the boat."

Mrs. Matthews took a look at the eel, and so did her husband, and the latter said:

"Fred, your eel looks as if he were having a lawsuit."

Fred hardly understood what his father meant, but he replied:

"Yes, father, and we 've found out Mr. Carothers' secret. We 'll catch as many fish as we want, now."

"Have you? Well, I 'm glad of that. And Tom, have you found it out, too?"

"Course I have, father, or I would n't have caught so many fish —"

"Or so much turtle."

"O, father, it was the turtle drove away the fish and spoiled our luck, when he went overboard."

"And Parker, did you find out the secret, too?"

"Yes, sah! Dar 's all de fish ebber was wanted in dis yer lake. Lots ob 'em, so 's you know how to go for 'em."

"Well, Fred, I wish you 'd tell me, so I can catch fish."

"Oh, it is n't much. We saw just how Mr. Carothers does it, and Sam. They anchor their boat just so far from shore. And they throw a peck of dirt into the water. And they throw their lines into the water, just so,—I 'll show you next time we go."

"So 'll I," said Tom.

"Yes, sah!" added Parker. "But dar 's some ob dat ar secret de ole man kerried home wid him."

"May be he did," said Mr. Matthews, with a merry sort of a laugh. "He and I have been talking about it since he came in. He was over here to borrow a newspaper."

"Oh, father," exclaimed Fred, "what did he say it was? Have we got it right?"

"Well, not the whole of it."

"Did he tell you? Please, father, do let us know. Is it anything about the color of his boat?"

"Not exactly."

"Was it de dirt?" respectfully inquired Parker.

"He did not speak of that, particularly, but that had something to do with it."

"I knew it! I knew it!" shouted Tom. "We 'll carry a barrellful next time we go."

"I would n't fill the barrel with too much dirt," laughed Mr. Matthews. "I 'll tell you what Mr. Carothers said when I asked him the secret."

"Oh, father," said Fred, "what did he say?"

"Why, he said it was no secret at all. All he did was just to feed his fish."

"Yes, sah!" remarked Parker. "I knowed it mus' be somet'ing ob dat kind. Feed de fish!"

"But does he feed them every time he goes out?" asked Fred.

"Perhaps not. But he picks out places that suit him, and every now and then he or Sam will go out there and throw overboard a quantity of old stuff of one sort and another, such as fish like to nibble at. So they get used to coming to those places, and the big fish follow the little ones, and when he and Sam want to catch a mess they know just where to go."

"Yes, sah!" remarked Parker. "But dat don't 'count for dem big corn craps ob his'n. He 's de luckiest farmer 'round yer."

"Oh," said Mr. Matthews, with another laugh. "Perhaps he feeds his corn-fields. He 's just the sort of man not to starve anything belonging to him."

"I wish the boys would remember about that," said Mrs. Matthews, soberly. "People who expect to get a great deal must always be ready to give."

"Yes, ma'am!" exclaimed Parker. "Dey mus' feed de fish."

"Mother," said Tom, "if I 'd given that turtle something to eat, do you s'pose he 'd have stayed in the boat?"

"I don't know, my son."

"Tom," said his father, "the mail has come. You take that newspaper over to Mr. Carothers with my compliments, and say I 'm very much obliged to him."

"What for, father?"

"For teaching you and me and all of us how to catch fish."



EYEBRIGHT.

BY SUSAN COOLIDGE.

CHAPTER XI.

TRANSPLANTED.

"It is strange that I did not recognize you before," said Mr. Joyce next day; "and yet not so strange either, for you have grown and altered very much since we met, two years and a half ago."

He might well say so. Eyebright had altered very much. She was as tall as Mrs. Downs now, and the fatigue and anxiety of the last fortnight had robbed her of her childish look and made her seem older than she really was. Any one might have taken her for a girl of seventeen, instead of fourteen-and-a-half. She and Mr. Joyce had had several long talks, during which he learned all about their leaving Tunxet, about her anxiety for her father, and, for the first time, the full story of the eventful night which had brought him to Causey Island. He was greatly startled and shocked when he comprehended what danger Eyebright had run in doing his errand to the village.

"My dear, dear child," he said; "you did me a service I shall never forget. I could never have forgiven myself had you lost your life in doing it. If I had had my senses about me, I would not have let you go; pray believe that. That unlucky parcel came near to costing more than its worth, for it was on its account that I set out to row over from Malachi that afternoon."

"To take the stage?" suggested Eyebright.

"Yes—to catch the stage. The parcel had money in it, and it was of great consequence that it should reach Atterbury—where I live—as soon as possible. You look curious, as if you wanted to hear more. You like stories still, I see. I remember how you begged me to tell you one that night in Tunxet."

"Yes, I like them dearly. But I hardly ever hear any now. There is no one up here to tell them."

"Well, this is n't much of a story, or rather, it would be a long one enough if I gave the whole of it, but the part which I can tell is n't much. Once upon a time there was a thief, and he stole a quantity of money out of a bank. It was the Atterbury Bank, of which I am the president. The theft came at the worst possible time, and there was great danger, if the money could not be recovered, that the bank would have to stop pay-

ment. Fortunately, we got a clue to the thief's whereabouts, and I started in search of him, and caught him in a little village in Canada where he had hidden himself away, and was feeling quite safe—What makes you look so excited?"

"It is so interesting," said Eyebright. "Were n't you a bit afraid when you saw him? Did he have a pistol?"

"Pistol? No. Ah, you are thinking of the thieves in story-books, I see,—terrible villains with masks and blunderbusses. The kind we have nowadays are quite different,—pretty young men, with nice mustaches and curly hair, who are very particular about the fit of their gloves and what kind of cigars they smoke. That's the sort that makes off with bank money. This thief of ours was a young fellow, only a few years older than my Charley, whom I had known all my life, and his father before him. I would a great deal rather have had it one of the old-fashioned kind with a blunderbuss. Well, I found him, and I got back the money—the bulk of it. A part he had spent. Having secured it, my first thought was how to get home quickest, for every day's delay made a great difference to the bank. I had just time to drive over and catch the Portland steamer, but my wagon broke down six miles from Malachi, and when I got in she had been gone an hour and a half. I made inquiries, and found that the Scapplehead stage started next morning, so I hired a boat and undertook to row across. It was not storming then. The man who let the boat did say that the weather looked 'kind of unsartin,' but I could see no change; it was thick and murky, but it had been that for days back, and I was in such haste to get on, that I should probably have tried it had it looked worse than it did. The distance is not great and I am used to rowing. Only God's mercy saved me from capsizing when the first squall struck the boat. After that, I have only confused memories. All I could do was to keep the boat head on to the waves, and it was so intensely dark that I could see nothing. I must have been rowing for hours in the blackness, without the least idea where I was or which way I was going, when I saw a light moving toward me. That, from what you say, must have been your lantern. I had just strength left to pull toward it and the waves carried me on to the beach. My arm was all right then. I must have hurt it when I fell over the side of the boat. It was a miracu-

lous escape, and I believe that I owe my life to the fact of your coming down as you did. I shall never forget that, Eyebright."

People often say such things in the warm-heartedness of a great deliverance from danger, or recovery from sickness, and when they get well again or the danger fades from their minds, they cool off a little. But Mr. Joyce did not cool; he meant all he said. And very soon after came the opportunity of proving his sincerity, for the great

pitiful to see. Her sorrow was all for Papa; she did not realize as yet the loss which had fallen on herself, but it would have been hard to find in the world a little girl left in a more desolate position. In losing Papa she had lost everything she had—home, protection, support. Nobody wanted her; she belonged to nobody. She could not stay on the island; she could not go back to Tunxet; there was no one in the world—unless it was Wealthy—to whom she had the right to go for help



EYEBRIGHT AND CHARLEY. (SEE PAGE 797.)

wave of trouble, which Eyebright had dimly felt and dreaded, broke just then and fell upon her. The boat in which Captain Jim Downs and her father had sailed was picked up far down the coast, floating bottom upward, and no doubt remained that both had lost their lives in the storm of that dreadful night.

How the poor child could have borne this terrible news without Mr. Joyce at hand to help her, I cannot imagine. She was almost broken-hearted, and grew so thin and pale that it was

or advice; and Wealthy herself was a poor woman, with little in her power to give except advice. Eyebright instinctively dreaded the idea of meeting Wealthy, for she knew that Wealthy would *think* if she did not say it, that it was all Papa's fault; that he ought never to have taken her to Maine, and the idea of having Papa blamed hurt her terribly. These anxieties as yet were all swallowed up in grief for Papa, but whenever she thought about herself, her mind grew bewildered and she could not in the least see what she was to do.

And now what a comfort Mr. Joyce was to her! He was nearly well again, and in a great hurry to get back to his business; but nothing would have induced him to leave the poor child in such trouble, and he stayed on and on, devoting himself to her all day long, soothing her, telling her sweet things about heaven and God's goodness and love, letting her talk as much as she liked of Papa and not trying even to check the crying which such talks always brought on. Eyebright responded to this kindness with all her warm little heart. She learned to love Mr. Joyce dearly, and turned to him and clung to him as if he had been a friend always instead of for a few days only. But all this time her future remained unsettled, and she was at the same time too inexperienced and too much oppressed with sorrow to be able to think about it or make any plans.

Other people were thinking about it, however. Mrs. Downs talked the matter over with her husband, and told Mr. Joyce that "He" was willing she should take Eyebright, provided her folks, if she had any, would consent to have her "bound" to them till she was of age. They never had kept any "help" and she did n't need one now; it was n't for that she wanted the child, and as for the binding out, 't was n't nothing but a formality, only Mr. Downs was made that way, and liked to have things done regular and legal. He set store by Eyebright, just as she did herself, and they'd see that she had a comfortable home and was well treated in every way. Mrs. Downs meant kindly, but Mr. Joyce had other schemes for Eyebright. As soon as the fact of her father's death became certain, he had written to his wife, and he only waited an answer to propose his plan. It came at last, and as soon as he had read it, he went in search of Eyebright, who was sitting, as she often sat now, on the bank over the bathing-beach, looking sorrowfully off toward the sea.

"I have a letter from home," he said, sitting down beside her, "and I find that I must go back at once,—day after to-morrow at latest."

"Oh, must you?" said Eyebright, in a voice which sounded like a sob. She hid her face on his arm as she spoke, and he knew that she was crying.

"Yes; but don't cry, my dear child. I don't mean to leave you here alone. That is not my plan at all. I want you to come with me. Last week, I wrote to my wife to propose this plan, and I only waited to hear from her before telling you about it. Will you come and live with us, Eyebright? I can't take your father's place,—nobody could do that, and it would n't be right they should; but we 'll all do our best to make you happy, and you shall be just like our own girl if you 'll come. What do you say, my dear? Will you?"

"How kind—how kind you are!" replied Eyebright in a dazzled, wondering way. "I can't think what makes you so good to me, dear Mr. Joyce. But do you think I ought to come? I'm afraid I should be troublesome. Wealthy used to say 'that other folk's children always were troublesome,' and that it was mean to 'settle down' on people."

"Never mind Wealthy or her maxims," said Mr. Joyce, with a smile. "We 'll risk your being troublesome, Eyebright. Will you come?"

"Do you think Papa would have wished to have me?" asked Eyebright, wistfully. "There's nobody for me to ask now except you, you know. Papa always hated 'being under obligations' to people. If I stay with Mrs. Downs," she added, timidly, "I can work and help her, and then I sha'n't be a burden. I'm afraid there isn't anything I can do to help if I go with you."

"Oh, Mrs. Downs has told you of her plan, has she," said Mr. Joyce, half vexed. "Now, listen, my child. I do really and seriously think that your father, were he here, would prefer that you should go with me. If you stay with Mrs. Downs, you must give up your education entirely. She is a kind woman, and really fond of you, I think; but with her you can have no advantages of any sort, and no chance to fit yourself for any higher sort of work than house-work. With me you will have the opportunity of going to an excellent school, and, if you do your best, by the time you are twenty-one you will be able to teach, and support yourself in that way, if it becomes necessary. And, my dear, you are mistaken in thinking that there is nothing you can do to help us. We have never had a daughter, but we always have wished for one. My wife and I are getting on in life, and there are lots of ways in which a young girl will cheer and brighten us up, and help to make the house pleasant for Charley. It is dull for a boy with no sisters, and only an old father and mother. So, you see, we really are in need of a girl, and you are just the girl we need. So, will you come?"

"Oh, I'll come gladly!" cried Eyebright, yielding to the pleasantness of the thought. "I'd rather live with you than anybody else in the world, Mr. Joyce, if only you are sure it is right."

It was settled from that moment, though Eyebright still felt a little qualm of shyness and fear at the thought of the unknown Mrs. Joyce. "How horrible it would be if she should n't like me when I get there!" she said to herself.

Only one more day at Causey Island, and that a very busy and confused one. The little house, which it had taken so many days to get into order, was all pulled to pieces and dismantled in a few

hours. Some things, such as Papa's desk and Eyebright's own special chair, Mr. Joyce ordered packed, and sent after them to Atterbury; the rest were left to be sold, or perhaps let with the cottage, if any one should hire it. Several articles, at his suggestion, Eyebright gave to Mrs. Downs, and she gratified Mr. Downs extremely by making him a present of the boat.

"You could n't have done nothing to please me better," he said. "It'll come real handy to have another boat, and we shall think a heap of its being yours. And, I'll tell you what, we'll just change its name, and call it 'The Eyebright,' after you. The first spare time I get, I'll paint the name on the stern, so 's we'll always be reminded of you whenever we see it."

This was quite a flight of fancy for Mr. Downs.

By sunset the house was cleared of all that was to be taken away, and Eyebright's trunk packed and locked. A very little trunk it was, and all it held very old and shabby. Even Mrs. Downs shook her head and said the things were hardly worth taking; but Eyebright did n't much mind. Her head was full of other thoughts, and, beside, she had learned to rely on Mr. Joyce as a helper out of all difficulties, and she was content to leave herself and her future wants to him.



MRS. JOYCE WELCOMES EYEBRIGHT.

So, at early dawning of the third day, they left the island, rowing down to the village in the newly christened "Eyebright," now the property of Mr. Downs. The good-byes had been taken the evening before, and Eyebright did not turn her head, as

they glided away, to look at the green tufted shore or the blue sea, bluer than ever in the calm hush of a cloudless sunrise. Very steadily and carefully she rowed, dipping her oars, and "feathering," as Papa had taught her, as if only intent on doing her task as well as possible for this the last time. But later, after they reached the village, when the farewells had all been spoken, the Downs family kissed, and herself and Mr. Joyce were in the stage-wagon ready to start, she turned again for one moment, and her eyes sought out the blue-green outline which they knew so well. There it lay with the calm waters all about it, the home which had been at the same time so hard and so pleasant, and was now so sad. Tears rushed to her eyes as she gazed, and she whispered to herself, so softly that no one else could hear, "Good-bye. Good-bye, Papa."

How strange, and yet how familiar, the road seemed!—the very road over which she and Papa had passed less than two years before. It was the one journey of her life, and she recollected everything perfectly. There was the nameless village, looking exactly the same, but no longer nameless; for a wooden board was suspended over the steamboat landing, with "Pocobasset" painted upon it in large letters. Pretty soon the steamboat came along, the same identical steamboat, and down the river they went, past all the tiny islands and wooded capes, which she remembered so well; only the light was of sunset now instead of sunrise, and the trees, which then were tinged with coming spring, now bore the red and yellow leaves of autumn. There was the good-natured stewardess and the captain,—nobody was changed,—nothing had happened, as it seemed, except to herself.

They left the boat, very early in the morning, at a point some fifty miles short of that from which she and Papa had embarked, and, traveling all day, reached Atterbury late on the second afternoon. Eyebright had plenty of time to recall her dread of Mrs. Joyce as they drove up from the station. The town was large and thriving, and looked like a pleasant one. There were many white-painted, green-blinded houses, with neat court-yards, of the kind always to be found in New England villages; but among these appeared, here and there, a quaint, old-fashioned mansion; and the elm-shaded streets gave glimpses of pretty country beyond, woodlands, cultivated valley-lands, and an encircling line of hills with softly rounded outlines. Eyebright thought it a delightful-looking place. They drew up before a wide, ample home, whose garden blazed with late flowers, and Mr. Joyce, lifting her out, hurried up the gravel walk, she following timidly, threw open

the front door, and called, loudly: "Mother! Mother! where are you, Mother?"

At the call, a stout little lady, in a pink-ribboned cap, came hurrying out of a room at one side of the hall.

"Oh, Benjamin, is it really you? My dear husband. Well, I'm glad;" and she gave him *such* a kiss. Then, turning to Eyebright, she said in the kindest voice:

"And this is your little girl, is it? Why, Benjamin, she is taller than I am! My dear, I am very glad to see you; very glad, indeed. Father says you are *his* girl; but you must be mine, too, and learn to love the old lady just as fast as you can."

Was not this a delightful reception for a weary, travel-stained little traveler? Eyebright returned the kiss with one equally warm, and all her fears of Mrs. Joyce fled forever.

"You shall go right upstairs," said this new friend; "tea will be ready soon, and I know you are longing for some cold water to wash off the dust. It's the most refreshing thing always after a journey."

She led the way, and left Eyebright to herself in a little bedroom. Such a pretty bedroom it was! Eyebright felt sure at once that it had been made ready expressly for herself. It was just such a room as a young girl fancies, with a dainty white bed, white curtains at the window, a white-frilled toilet-table, and on the toilet-table a smart blue pin-cushion, with "Welcome" stuck upon it in shining pins. Even the books on the table seemed to have been chosen to suit her taste, for there lay "The Dove in the Eagle's Nest;" "The Wide Wide World;" "The Daisy Chain," in two fat blue volumes; and Mrs. Whitney's charming tale of "We Girls." She peeped at one title after another with a little jump of satisfaction. How long, how very long it was since she had had a new story-book to read. A whole feast of enjoyment seemed shut up inside those fascinating covers. But she would not nibble the feast now; and closing "The Daisy Chain," began to unpack her hand-bag.

She opened the top bureau-drawer, and said "Oh!" quite aloud, for there appeared a row of neat little linen collars and cuffs, some pretty black neck-ties, a nubé of fleecy white wool, and a couple of dainty paper boxes with the jeweler's mark on their lids. Could they be meant for her? She ventured to peep. One box held a pair of jet sleeve-buttons; the other, a locket of shining jet, with a ribbon drawn through its ring, all ready for wear. She was still wondering over these discoveries, when a little tap sounded on the door, followed immediately by the appearance of Mrs. Joyce.

"I just came to see if you had all you wanted," she said. "Oh, you have found those little duds. I knew, from what Father wrote, that you could n't get anything in the place where you were, so I chose those few little things, and to-morrow we'll see what more you want." Then, cutting short Eyebright's thanks, she opened the closet door and called out: "Let me have your jacket to hang up, my dear. There's some shelves at this end for your hats. And now I'll help you unpack. You'll never begin to feel at home till you're all unpacked and put away. Nobody does."

It was a real satisfaction to Mrs. Joyce to notice how few clothes Eyebright possessed, and how shabby they were. All the time that she folded and arranged, she was saying to herself, gleefully: "She wants this, she needs that; she must have all sorts of things at once. To-morrow, I'll buy her a nice Henrietta cloth, and a cashmere for every day, and a pretty wrap of some kind, and a hat."

She betrayed the direction of her thoughts by turning suddenly with the question:

"What sized gloves do you wear, my dear?"

"I don't know," was the reply. "I have n't had any gloves for two years, except a pair of worsted mittens last winter."

"Gracious!" said Mrs. Joyce, but I think she was rather pleased than otherwise. The truth was, all her life long she had been "spoiling" for a daughter to pet and make much of, and now, at last, her chance had come. "Boys are all very well," she told Mr. Joyce that night. "But once they get into roundabouts, there is absolutely nothing more which their mothers can do for them in the way of clothes. Girls are different. I always knew that I should like a girl to look after, and this seems a dear child, Benjamin. I am sure I shall be fond of her."

The tea-bell rang in the midst of the unpacking; but, as Mrs. Joyce observed, they had the rest of the week before them, and it did n't matter a bit; so she hurried Eyebright down-stairs, and into a cheerful dining-room. Cheerfulness seemed the main characteristic of the Joyce establishment. It was not at all an elegant house,—not even, I am sorry to say, a tasteful one. Nothing could possibly be uglier or more commonplace than the furniture, the curtains, or the flaps of green rep above the curtains, known to village circles as "lamberkins," and the pride of Mrs. Joyce's heart. The carpets and wall-paper had no affinity with each other, and both would have horrified an artist in home decoration. But everywhere, all through the house, were neatness, solid comfort, and that spirit of family affection which make any house pleasant, no matter how pretty or how ugly it may

be; and this atmosphere of loving-kindness was as reviving to Eyebright's drooping spirits as real sunshine is to a real plant, drenched and beaten down by heavy storms. She felt its warmth through and through, and it did her good.

Mr. Joyce had just asked a blessing, and was proceeding to cut the smoking beefsteak before him, when the door opened and a tall boy with curly hair and a bright manly face, hurried in.

"Why, father, I did n't know you were here, or I should have been in long ago. How are you, sir?" ending the sentence, to Eyebright's amazement and amusement both, with a hug and a hearty kiss, which his father as heartily returned.

"Yes; I'm at home again, and very glad and thankful to be here," said Mr. Joyce. "Here's the new sister, Charley; you did n't see her, did you? Eyebright, this is my son Charley."

"My son Charley," like most boys of sixteen, was shy with girls whom he was not acquainted with. He shook hands cordially, but he said little; only he watched Eyebright when she was not observing, and his eyes were very friendly. He liked her face, and thought her pretty, which was certainly very good of him, for she was looking her worst—tired and pale, with none of her usual sparkle, and dressed in the water-proof suit which was not at all becoming.

So here, in this secure and kindly haven, I think we may leave our storm-tossed little girl, with the safe assurance that she will be tenderly and wisely cared for. I know that a few among you will want to hear more. No story was ever

written so long or so conclusive, that some child-reader did not pop up at the end with, "Oh, but just tell us this one thing." I cannot satisfy such; still, for their benefit I will just hint at a remark made by Mrs. Joyce some months later. She and Mr. Joyce were sitting on the porch, and Eyebright, who had grown as dear as a daughter to the old lady's heart, was playing croquet with Charley.

"It really does seem the luckiest thing that ever was, your being shipwrecked on that island," she said. "I was frightened almost to death when I heard about it, but if you had n't we never should have got hold of that child as we did, and what a pity that *would* be! She certainly is the nicest girl I ever saw—so sweet-tempered and loving and helpful, I don't believe any of us could get along without her now. How fond she and Charley seem of each other! I can't help thinking they'll make a match of it when they grow up. It would be an excellent idea, don't you agree with me, Benjamin? Charley could never find anybody whom he would like better, and then we should keep Eyebright with us always."

Mr. Joyce roared with laughter.

"She's only fifteen, and Charley wont be seventeen till next Saturday," he said. "Don't you think you'd better put off your castles in the air till they are both a little older, Mother?"

Such castles are absurd; still it is by no means impossible that this may come to pass, and if it should happen to do so, I fancy Mr. Joyce will be as much pleased as "Mother," every whit.

THE END.



THE STREAMLET.

BY MONCURE D. CONWAY.

A STREAMLET started forth from a spring in the side of a mountain, and, after an infancy of gay leaps in bright cascades, spread out into a more quiet and steady movement. It began then to dream and meditate on the object for which it existed. While in this grave mood a Will-o'-wisp darted out and danced over its waters.

"Ah," cried the Streamlet, "this is a heavenly light sent to tell me what I wish to know, and to guide my course."

But the Will-o'-wisp soon flitted away and vanished, leaving the Streamlet more perplexed than

obstructed its course, turned it aside through a narrow channel and forced it to rush in a confused perilous way over a wheel.

"Alas!" cried the Streamlet; "is it then for this agony I was born?"

But after some wild splashes the Streamlet found itself at peace again and went on widening. And now a glorious moon came out and showered gold all over it.

"How wealthy I am!" cried the Streamlet.

The moon waned. But the stars came out, and the ripples caught them as bright marvels; they



before. Its first creed was gone. Then a rosy cloud floated in the sky and mirrored itself in the bosom of the Stream.

"This," it cried, "is a token of Paradise!"

But a wind ruffled the water, and the tinted cloud was mirrored no more; and when the Streamlet became still again the rosy cloud had passed from the sky. Then a water-lily expanded on its waves.

"Behold!" said the Streamlet; "to nourish this beauty is the end and aim of my life."

But the lily presently folded up and perished. The Streamlet moved on. Presently it came to a spot where men had thrown hard stones in its way,

hinted deeper, steadier glories yet to be revealed. But the stars set.

At length a Poet reclined on its bank and sang to it:

"Sweet Streamlet! What a bright life must have been yours! What flowers must have fringed your gliding way, what rosy clouds you have reflected, what lilies you have nourished, what stars have risen to tell you their secrets ere they have set! You have done brave work, too. You have watered the meadow and made it wave with grain; you have conspired with the sun to ripen the harvest, and when matured you have helped to turn it into bread. Not for any one of

these joys and uses were you made, but for all !
So may the stream of my life run on, with varied
happiness and helpfulness, not anxious about the
unknown Sea to which thou and I, fair stream, are
tending."

As the Streamlet listened, all the beauties it had

known shone out again, and they all clustered—
dancing light, rosy cloud, golden moon and serene
stars—around the great sorrow it had encountered,
the obstruction which had ground grain for man ;
for that, transfigured in the Poet's song, seemed
the happiest experience of all.



THE GRAVE IN THE FOREST.

BY JANET HAY.

A GREAT tree fell in the forest,
With a crashing, thunderous sound ;
Slowly and terribly stretching
His ponderous length on the ground,
And lay at the feet of his brothers,
Mangled and dead,
Just as a mighty giant
Would pillow his head.

And his brothers looked down upon him—
Swaying their heads for grief—
And joined their voices in wailing,
But none of them deigned relief ;
None of them cared to reach
Their myriad helping arms,
But stood upright in the forest,
And braced anew for the storms.

Taller and colder they grew,
Till an autumn funeral day,
Then some of them strewed their leaves
On the great, dead tree as he lay.
But the leaves grew browner and browner,
And shriveled, and thin, and old ;

Then a winter wind blew them away
With one blast of its breath bitter cold.

So he lay untombed and forgotten,
With his shattered boughs forming a bier ;
With never a requiem chanted,
With never a flower or a tear.
But a troop of forest children,—
Green mosses and lichens gray,—
The woodland's own little darlings,
Found out where the dead tree lay.

And with never a thought of its greatness,
Through sunshine, through rain, through sleet,
They have woven the loveliest mantle,
And covered him head and feet :
A mantle of costliest texture,
Of varied and rare design,
These loving and tender mosses,
These lichens drawn up in a line.

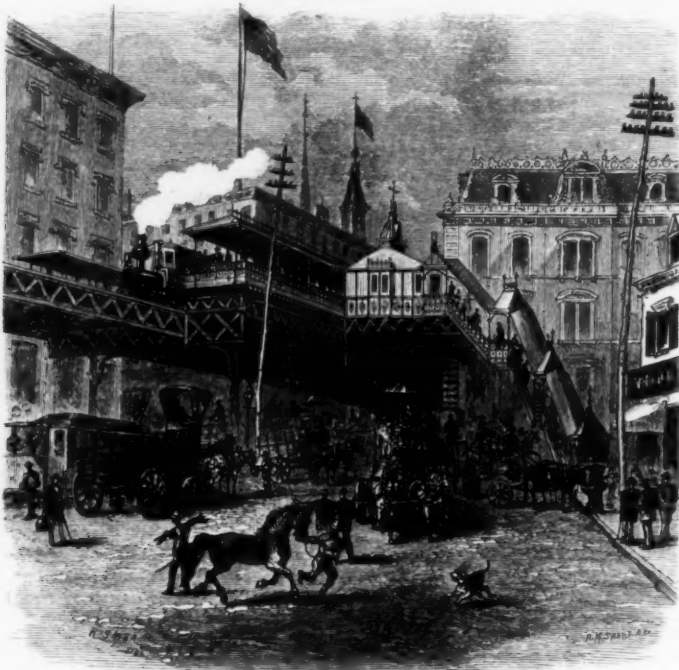
I have been all through the woodland,
And, just as I saw it to-day,—
The peacefulest place in the forest
Was where the dead giant lay.

THE RAILROAD IN THE AIR.

BY CHARLES BARNARD.

MASTER GEORGE TIMSON lived with his father and mother and his brother Walter in the country until George was ten years old. The family then moved to New York City, and took rooms on the east side of the town, not far from the Bowery. How very different from the open and beautiful country! Tall brick houses on both sides of the street,—stores on the first floor and tenements above. Three rooms for four of them,—a little kitchen, a sitting-room and a small bedroom.

place, and both George and his brother found their new home a sad change from the country. There were fields and meadows, the shore by the pond, the woods, the brook and the huckleberry pasture. Here, nothing; not even a stone-wall to jump over, not a single wild raspberry-vine or rose-bush, not even a place to play "tag" or to toss a ball. They said there was a place to play up at the Central Park, but that was four miles off, and, as far as George and Walter were concerned, it might as



ELEVATED RAILROAD STATION AT CHAMBERS STREET.

The kitchen had one window, the sitting-room two, and the bedroom none at all. No yard, no place to play, no sunshine in the windows all the year round. George's father and mother took the bedroom with brother, and George slept on the sofa in the sitting-room. But the greatest trouble of all was the want of a play-ground. How could a couple of such lively fellows exist without a place to play? Life is a hollow mockery without a playing-

well be a hundred miles away. Mr. Timson said they were too poor to live up-town, near the park, as he was obliged to be at his work early in the morning, and to ride up and down in the horse-cars every day would take more time than he could possibly spare.

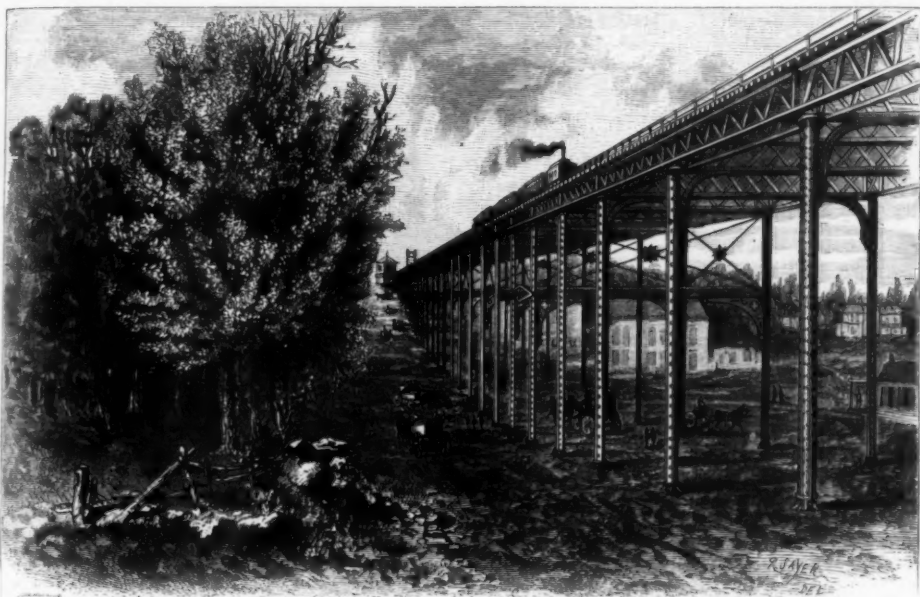
One day, for the want of a better place to go, the boys wandered off toward the wide street called the "Bowery." It was not much fun to walk in

such a crowd. As for running, or having a good jump, it was out of the question.

"It is n't any fun," said they. "There 's just too many folks here."

The Bowery is a wide and busy street. The

unfastened a chain that was wound round a heavy stick of wood. At once the stick began to rise till it stood upright, and the great mass of iron dropped lightly on the pavement. The men took off the chains and threw them over the top of the



PORTION OF THE ROAD BEYOND CENTRAL PARK, ON POSTS FIFTY-SEVEN FEET HIGH.

sidewalks are all day crowded with people; there are stores on both sides, and there are four horse-car tracks in the street center, a busy, dusty, noisy place. On coming to the corner, the boys saw a number of men digging great holes in the sidewalk. They asked a man if they were putting down gas-pipes, and he said, "No, it's the elevated railroad." There were great piles of dirt, and heaps of bricks and sand in the street. It seemed strange that they could make a railroad with such things. Just then there came along a most singular wagon. It had two pairs of wheels, a small pair in front, and a very large pair, as tall as the roof of a horse-car, behind. There were four horses, and between the wheels were two very long timbers that made the body of the wagon. Under this timber-body was hung by chains a great piece of iron-work painted bright red. This remarkable wagon was drawn up to the sidewalk and stopped, as if to unload, and a crowd of people gathered round to see the performance. George and Walter mounted a pile of bricks and had a fine chance to see. There was a man to drive the team, and he walked along the timbers and

wagon, and the driver led his horses away, leaving the iron in the street. Our boys wondered how such a very long wagon could turn round. Ah! how very odd! The driver led his horses round till they marched right under the wagon between the two pairs of wheels!

Full of these wonders, they went home and George told his mother they were "building an 'elevated railroad' under the sidewalk in the Bowery."

Walter suggested that if there was a good railroad, one that would go real fast, so that father could move up-town, perhaps they would live in some place where they could play.

"I'm quite out of practice with my ball, and as to playing any kind of a game, it's no use to try it, that is if you have to run about; and who wants to play sittin'-down games all the time? So I do hope the railroad will be built. It would be such a comfort to have a place where you can stretch your legs without upsetting something."

"And to have a place where a fellow can run and holler without that old man next door coming out and saying all boys should be put in barrels."

"I never could understand why cities are made without play-grounds," added Walter. "It's a great oversight, I'm sure. I'd see to the playground first, and then build the houses."

From that day, George and Walter watched carefully the progress of the work in the Bowery. They wanted to see exactly how everything was done.

the iron sockets sunk in the sidewalk, and some men were fastening the ropes to one of the great pieces of iron lying in the street. Then they turned the windlass, and the piece of iron was soon swinging in the air over the walk. It dropped gently down, and a man guided it into the socket, and then it stood upright,—a big iron post on the



THE CURVE AT MURRAY STREET AND COLLEGE PLACE.

First, the men dug great holes in the sidewalks. Into these holes they lowered large flat stones having four holes drilled through them. Through these holes were placed iron rods having pieces of cast-iron at the ends to keep them from pulling out. Upon these stones and around the rods the masons built up brick towers or piers reaching nearly to the level of the sidewalk. Upon the brick pier they laid a heavy cast-iron socket or cap, the ends of the iron rods passing through holes in the cap. Big nuts were screwed on the ends of the rods, thus fastening the cap to the stones under the brick-work. The boys studied all this with the greatest interest, and, being bright fellows, they soon guessed what it all meant. The work was to be some kind of bridge, and these piers were the foundations.

One day, noticing a crowd of people on the Bowery, they marched down there to see what was going on. Pushing through the crowd, they found a curious hoisting-machine, or derrick, drawn by horses. The machine was standing near one of

edge of the walk. The horses dragged the derrick away, and presently another post was standing in place a short distance up the street. Greatly interested in these things, George and Walter spent much of their time out of school watching the work as it went on.

The next day, more wonderful things happened. On going out to the Bowery, the boys found a little wooden house, which, having a chimney and steam-pipe on the roof, was standing on two long beams that stretched from the tops of two of the iron columns. How it could have got up there they could not guess. There was a derrick at the front of the house and many ropes and chains, and in the street were scattered about great numbers of iron beams of most curious shape. These they readily saw were to make the beams of the iron railway-bridge that was to stretch along the street just over the sidewalk. Some men were fastening chains to one of the iron beams. In a moment, all was ready, the foreman gave a whistle, the engine in the house puffed noisily, the chains tightened,

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and the great beam slowly rose in the air. Two men climbed up the posts, and when the beam came up to them they caught it and pulled it into place, and it rested from post to post. A man ran out on the beam, took off the chains and threw them down to the men below. They fastened the chains to another beam, and to the ropes of the derrick, and in a few moments it was resting beside the other on the posts. The derrick, house, engine and all rolled on wheels out on the beams to the next post, ready to pick up the next pair of beams. All this, the two boys watched with lively curiosity, as it was indeed quite a wonderful performance.

It seemed as if the railroad changed every day. First came the carpenters placing the sleepers (the cross-pieces of wood on which the rails are laid) on top of the bridge, then came the track-layers, and lastly the painters. At one place they were putting up a long platform, with wooden stairs leading up to it from the sidewalk, and the boys guessed this must be a station.

Then, for some time, nothing in particular happened, and the boys began to think the railroad would never be opened.

One day their father came home from work look-

ing morning came, and with it arrived a furniture wagon. All the things were put in it. Walter and his father and the driver mounted the high seat, and they drove away. As for George and his mother, they walked out toward the Bowery.

Presently they came to the street where the station was being built. It was not finished, but the stairs were opened, and there was a great crowd of people going up and down. Suddenly, as they were walking, a railroad train rushed right over their heads with a loud roar.

"Hurray!" said George. "She's running at last."

They went up the stairs, and on the platform they found a man in a little box. George's mother paid him the money for two tickets, and they went out on the platform next the railroad. Here were the tracks stretched over the iron beams from post to post directly over the sidewalk. On the opposite side of the street was another row of posts with the tracks on top, and a platform for the passengers.

Suddenly, with a loud roar of escaping steam, a pretty little engine slid up to the station and stopped. There were three long cars packed full of people, and the moment they stopped there



SIXTH AVENUE, UNDER THE ELEVATED RAILROAD.

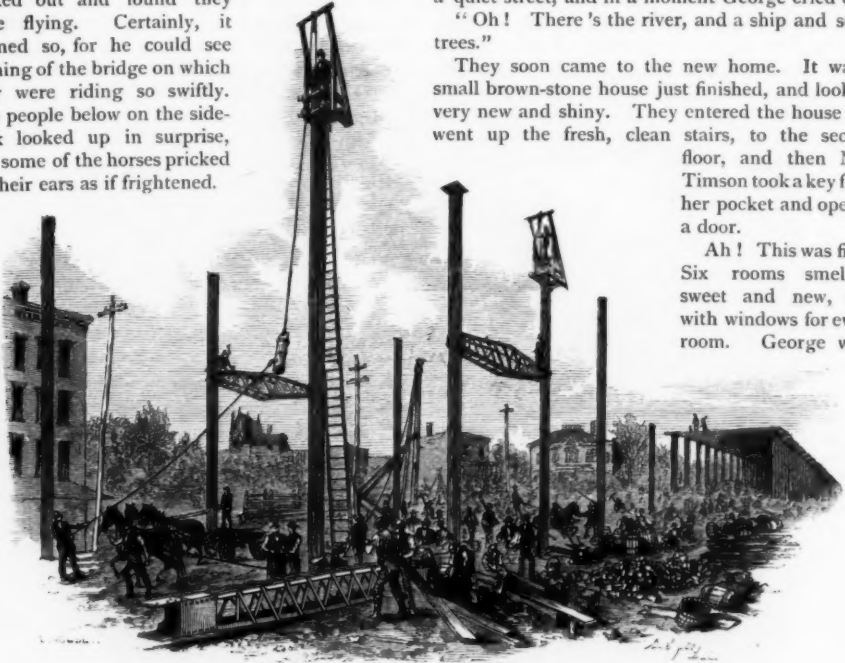
ing quite pleased. He said the road would be opened the next day, and that this was their last night in these narrow and crowded quarters. The

was a grand rush to get on board, but the train started off before they could get on, and, to George's dismay, they were left behind. His

disappointment did not last long, for in a few minutes another train arrived, and they got on board.

"Oh!" said George, as they entered the neat and handsome car. "This is fine enough!"

His mother opened a window, and George looked out and found they were flying. Certainly, it seemed so, for he could see nothing of the bridge on which they were riding so swiftly. The people below on the sidewalk looked up in surprise, and some of the horses pricked up their ears as if frightened.



FILLING THE HIGH POSTS WITH CEMENT (SEE PAGE 806.)

"They'll get used to it when they find it don't hurt 'em," said George.

Soon they were in the middle of the street, right over the horse-cars. There's one going the same way. How quickly it was left behind! With a loud roar another train rushed past going the other way. Then the train stopped suddenly at a station, and crowds of people got in and out. It was only a bare platform as yet, but the carpenters were already at work making a house as if they intended to have quite a fine dépôt.

On they flew, right over the horses and wagons below. The train flew over the cross-streets in a flash, and in a moment they were pulling up at the next station. George had eyes for everything. They were in the last car, and he went to the rear door and looked out. The avenue looked like a two-story street, with street-cars, wagons and sidewalks, and stores below, and a railroad above.

"Come, George! here we are!"

He took his mother's hand, and they stepped out on the platform of a station, a long distance up town. They went down the stairs, but before they reached the street their train had rushed away over their heads. They turned to the right and entered a quiet street, and in a moment George cried out:

"Oh! There's the river, and a ship and some trees."

They soon came to the new home. It was a small brown-stone house just finished, and looking very new and shiny. They entered the house and went up the fresh, clean stairs, to the second floor, and then Mrs. Timson took a key from her pocket and opened a door.

Ah! This was fine! Six rooms smelling sweet and new, and with windows for every room. George went

about through the rooms, and said, "This shall be the dining-room, and this shall be the parlor. Oh! and this shall be Walter's room." The window was open and George looked out. There was the river close to the house. How it sparkled in the sun! There were some ships, with trees on the opposite shore, and beyond in the distance a grassy hill.

"It is n't so dreadful crowded up here," said George. "Oh! there's a schooner coming up the river before the breeze! And there's a steamboat. And we could n't have lived up here if it had n't been for that elevated railroad!"

Suddenly the door opened, and Walter burst into the room, skipping and hopping as if he were going wild.

"Oh! George, George! This is too much. There's a field just out here and a lumber-yard and I've seen the gate to the Park."

"And here's the river, and a base-ball ground,

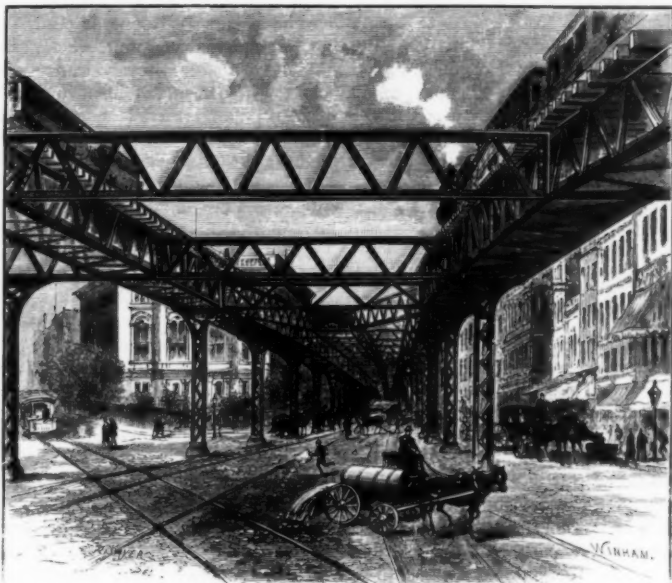
and some rocks, and just the most splendid place to play ever seen," exclaimed George.

"Play! I guess so," cried the lively and excited Walter. "Why, it's exactly like the country,—only it's altogether different, but just as nice. There's room enough to run and holler, and do anything we please. I tell you, George, there's no use of our being sorry we had to come away from the country. It's just as good here; every bit of it, and I'm ever so glad the railroad is built, because this part of the city looks as if it was made by folks who had boys and girls."

The city of New York is long and narrow. There is a deep river on either side, where ships come from all parts of the world close up to the edge of the town. Now, where the ships are the merchants want to be, and where the merchants are a great many other people of business want to be; and so it happens that a very great number of people want to do business in a very small space. The land is thickly covered with stores and offices and manufactories. When the city was small this was all right, and folks lived near their stores and counting-rooms quite comfortably. But more and more people came to live

the north, up the island. Then people said they must have cars to take them up and down town from their homes to the stores. They laid tracks on the streets and used horses to move the cars. This was all very good for a few years; but, more and more people came there to live. They found the horse-cars too slow and they began to build tall tenement-houses and to put dozens of poor families under one roof. This was too crowded for health and, just as George and his brother pined for room and air and sunshine, so many other children found it hard work to grow up among so many people. Then the people said: "This will not do, we must have railroads with good engines to take us far up town toward the country."

Of course these railroads could not be laid in the streets, for locomotives cannot run fast through crowds of wagons and people. And so they at first thought they might make underground railroads like those in London, or they might tear down a long row of houses and make a lane through the town where the tracks could be laid. Either plan would cost a great deal of money; so, after many trials and a great deal of talking, they decided to build high iron platforms through the broad streets



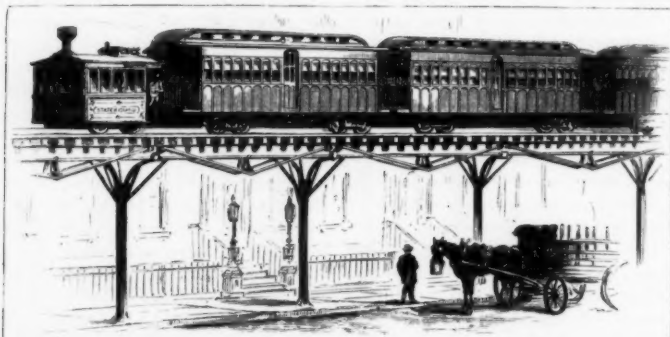
VIEW OF THE ROAD AT COOPER INSTITUTE.

in New York and the place became very crowded. The rivers kept them in on each side, and to get room they made new streets farther and farther to

and on top to place the tracks for a railroad. It was this work that our two boys watched with so much interest.

Had they been able to go about on the upper part of the island on the west side of the city, beyond Central Park, they would have seen even more remarkable performances in the way of bridge building. A locomotive is a curious animal. He likes a good level road with no bad hills to climb. If you try to make him climb a steep hill he may stop short and refuse to stir a wheel. The

going up and down all the time. The horse-railroads are decidedly in the way of all other vehicles, and the cars often cause blockades that delay the business people very much. Before the elevated railroad was built, the horse-railroad was a serious cause of trouble in streets already crowded with carts and wagons. But now if we stand on the sidewalk, and can look in both directions under



THE FIRST ELEVATED ROAD, WITH ITS LINE OF SINGLE POSTS.

land to the west of Central Park is exceedingly hilly, and the railroad must be made to please these iron horses. So it happens that where the ground is low the iron supports of the railroad are very high, as may be seen by the picture on page 801. Some of the posts that support the railroad are fifty-seven feet high, and as they are all hollow until filled with cement, some very curious work could be seen here while the building was going on. The picture on page 804 shows a man filling a post with cement by pouring it in at the top.

The platform on which he stands is in two parts and bites the post on both sides, pinching it tightly by means of screws.

This matter of running a steam railroad through a city, in such a way as not to interfere with the traffic, was a difficult and puzzling business. In London, as I have said, the city railroads are placed in tunnels under the streets and houses. In Paris, there is a railroad in an open "cutting" or deep ravine, with bridges over it at all the streets that cross it. In many English cities the railroads run over brick arches at the level of the house-tops. All of these methods answer a good purpose, but they are very costly. In New York an entirely different plan has been tried by these elevated railroads laid on iron bridges through the streets.

These roads work admirably. There is a great traffic in the streets where they are built. There are horse-cars and crowds of trucks and wagons

the iron bridges, we see that the various vehicles and horse-cars pass along precisely as if there were no railroad there. While we are examining these things, two trains pass, one on each side of the street,—in fact, one of them runs directly over our heads. We might tell our friends when we reach home that we were run over by a railroad train and that it did n't hurt a bit.

We walk on down-town and come to a narrower street, and here the railroad tracks come close together, and though the street is shaded by the iron bridge overhead, it is clear and unobstructed. Here 's a station with steps going up to the house overhead, and we hear a train stop overhead and hear the conductor call out the name of the street and open and close the gates for the passengers. There is no loud ringing of bells or blowing of whistles, not even a puff from the smoke-stack, or a rush of steam from the vacuum-brake. The bridge resounds somewhat, as you can easily imagine, when such a great mass of iron is shaken by the rapid motion of the heavy locomotives and trains; but the noise is not of much consequence. It is far less than the roar and rattle of the teams in the street below. Certainly the horses do not seem to mind it. There is one, gravely eating his oats with evident satisfaction and peace of mind, though a rail-train rushes over his head every two minutes.

There are different kinds of platforms or bridges for these roads. One in Sixth avenue has square

posts set up in the middle of the street, on either side of the horse-car tracks, and on these a double track of railroad is built, directly over the horse-cars. By crossing to the east side of the city to the Third avenue we shall find another kind of road. The iron posts carry lattice girders on top, and on these the tracks are laid, one track over each line of posts. Here, they say, the load is over the line of support. That is, the trains pass directly over the posts that support the road, while on Sixth avenue they pass over beams that cross from one line of posts to the other. Each method has its advantages, though one is much cheaper than the other. The single line of posts looks as if it might tip over or be unsteady, but the trains move swiftly and steadily over the single line of posts with entire safety.

In all this you observe that New York has regular steam railroads laid through thickly built-up streets, and yet in no wise interfering with the traffic on the streets. Over these roads nearly 200,000 people ride in safety and comfort every day.

Now let us try the road and see what it is like from above. We will take the cars down-town and go up to the Park and perhaps beyond. At the down-town station near Trinity Church where the trains start from, we pay for our tickets, and pass out upon the platform. Well, really, this is a railroad in the air in earnest. There are engines standing about, some with steam up ready to start, others running under a pipe to get water. There is a bridge over the water-pipe, and on top are men with wheel-barrows, wheeling coal. One opens a trap in the bridge, shoots his barrow-load of coal down the trap, and it falls through a funnel in the top of the cab of the engine. At once the engine moves out of the way to make room for the next. Quick work is essential on a railroad that runs 800 trains in twenty-four hours. Opposite is a switch-house and in it we can see the man who controls all the switches here. See, he has moved a lever, and, up the track, we see the signal-arm move. There is a train coming. The signal says "all clear," and the train comes down, crossing over from one side of the bridge to the other, running up to the side of the platform. Men stand ready to cast off couplings, unfasten the air-pipes for the brakes and loosen the bell-rope. The engine moves away to the coaling place, and at the same time another engine backs down and is coupled on; the down passengers have all stepped out, and the up passengers take their places and the train is off in less than two minutes. At once an engine rolls up past the platform and takes its place ready for the next train. The arms on the signal-posts move up and down and another train

comes down to the platform. If the business is very active, one train follows another in about a minute and a half. We'll take a train and go up-town. The car is wide, handsome, neatly carpeted and with broad and comfortable seats. The buildings slip past on either side and we can look into the second-story windows and see the people inside. It's a mere glance for an instant and then it is passed. The people inside do not appear to mind it much. Well, when a railroad train shoots by your windows every ninety seconds you can't afford to look out at every one of them.

The train pulls up at a station and more people get in, and in less than a minute we are off again. Now we come out on a wide street and we can look through the windows to the street below. There is a blockade there. A truck has broken down on the horse-car track and the cars are stopped in a long line. How lucky that we can fly right over the whole affair, crowd and all, and leave them far behind, while the drivers below are quarreling as to who shall get out of the way! On we go up-



BASE OF COLUMN UNDER GROUND. (SEE PAGE 802.)

town; stopping at station after station, making two more curves and then coming to Sixth avenue. Now we spin along in fine style, and as the road is in the middle of the street we have a good chance to see the shops and sidewalks below. We go in this way for nearly three miles, pass a branch road leading off to the left, and then stop at Fifty-eighth street. Here we are at the Park in twenty minutes from Trinity Church, and making twelve stops on the way.

This road is the shortest of the elevated railroads in New York; but having seen this we have seen the best. We might go on up to Eighty-third street on the west side and pass miles of streets without a single house. Plenty of room here for

all the crowded families from down-town. On the east side we can ride to Harlem and see that pleasant part of the town, where George and Walter went to live after the new railroad was opened.

It is in this way the people of New York hope to live in comfort in their crowded city. The stores are to be at one end of the town, the homes at another, and the elevated railroads are to join the two.

ON A MAN'S BACK.

BY HORACE BAKER.

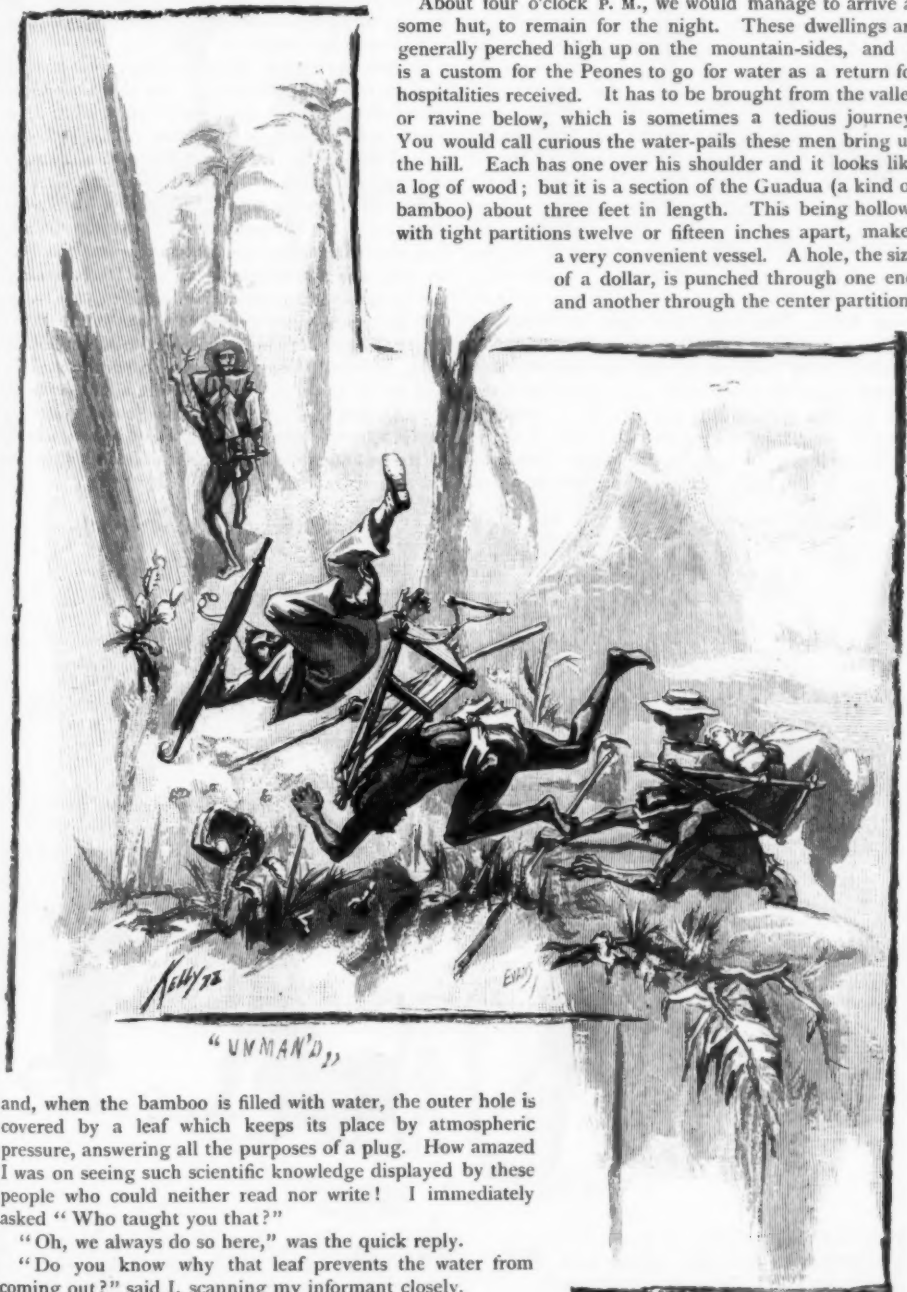
YOU will find on the north-west corner of the map of South America, a section of the country called United States of Colombia, the principal river of which is the Magdalena, and up whose waters you may trace your way to a point where the line of Latitude Six crosses it. Near here its yellow and warm waters are joined by those of the river Nare, the current of which is swift and cool, coming fresh from the mountains of Antiogina. About five leagues from its mouth, at a little landing-place called Remolino (meaning in the Spanish language, whirlpool, or commotion), the river is rapid and turbulent as it swirls round the narrow gorge, giving the appearance of actually bursting from the mountains. Now, go in imagination to this point, and accompany me with my companions, for we are all going to ride on men's backs, because from this place very few mules are used, and nearly everything is carried on men's backs. Even women are engaged in this occupation of transporting travelers and merchandise to the interior. A mule must have two boxes or bales of equal weight, that one may balance the other; but when there is some single article of great weight to be carried, a man takes it. These men are very strong and walk off with two hundred pounds, or even more. They are called "Peones" and "Sillateros," meaning chair-bearers. The way is wild and steep, and they go where a mule cannot, thus taking shorter routes, and he who is not accustomed to ride on mules is safer from danger in a chair. Two of our company were ladies, and one of them held a baby. They came from England that they might be with their husbands, who were engaged in gold mining away over and beyond these mountains. When the natives came to Remolino for us, there was a long consultation held by them as to which should carry a certain one of our party—a man who weighed about two hundred pounds. It fell to the lot of the smallest Peon, and how ridiculous it looked to see the large man on the back of this little Indian! Finally, we were all seated, each in his or her chair, and in-

structed to lean back and remain very still. The men commenced climbing up the mountain-side, sometimes on all fours, and occasionally, with their pointed staffs pricking little holes in order to give themselves a surer footing. Now and then we would come to a place comparatively level; then they would shuffle along on a gentle trot, scarcely raising their feet from the ground. They frequently turned round and went backward when descending. Then the rider should remain exceeding quiet, for the least move would overbalance the carrier, and a serious accident might occur. The sensation is very peculiar when in this position, for your face is turned outward toward space, and nothing is seen but sky, while you know there is a great yawning gulf beneath, into which it is dangerous and fearful to look.

Our second day was a trying one, in consequence of a heavy fall of rain having made the ground so slippery that our Peones had to proceed with great caution, and even then the one who carried our two-hundred-pounder fell, dumping him headlong. The ladies and myself laughed so heartily that we nearly came to grief ourselves; but our large friend grew very angry, and, in his excitement, made a furious charge on the Peon, threatening to run him through with his umbrella. He sputtered in English while the Peon sputtered in Spanish, and it was long before all things were settled into quiet. I did suspect that the mishap was not altogether accidental, for these men have been known to retaliate on disagreeable riders. We made little resting-spells about each half hour, and in every ravine there was sure to be a stream of cool water. Here, while partaking of a slight refreshment, we would seat ourselves on some rocks or a fallen tree, and enjoy the fairy-like place. I noticed that when the Peones wanted to drink they invariably put a piece of sugar in the mouth first. I asked them why.

"O Señor, it makes the water taste better, and you can drink as much as you like and not get sick."

About four o'clock P. M., we would manage to arrive at some hut, to remain for the night. These dwellings are generally perched high up on the mountain-sides, and it is a custom for the Peones to go for water as a return for hospitalities received. It has to be brought from the valley or ravine below, which is sometimes a tedious journey. You would call curious the water-pails these men bring up the hill. Each has one over his shoulder and it looks like a log of wood; but it is a section of the Guadua (a kind of bamboo) about three feet in length. This being hollow, with tight partitions twelve or fifteen inches apart, makes a very convenient vessel. A hole, the size of a dollar, is punched through one end and another through the center partition,



"UNMAN'D,"

and, when the bamboo is filled with water, the outer hole is covered by a leaf which keeps its place by atmospheric pressure, answering all the purposes of a plug. How amazed I was on seeing such scientific knowledge displayed by these people who could neither read nor write! I immediately asked "Who taught you that?"

"Oh, we always do so here," was the quick reply.

"Do you know why that leaf prevents the water from coming out?" said I, scanning my informant closely.

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"No, Señor; but we know it does."

The homes of the mountaineers are built of upright poles, supporting a thatched roof of palm-leaves. Everything is tied together with vines, for they know nothing of nails. The sides are interlaced with small twigs plastered roughly with mud, while the door consists of a frame of Guadua with a hide stretched across. The bed is made of a number of small poles, the ends of which rest on a rude support, and although you may laugh at sleeping on poles, I assure you it is very nice when a few blankets are spread over them, for they are quite flexible and springy. Chairs are a rarity; folk sit on the ground, or squat down on their heels. The cooking is done in a smaller house a few yards distant from the main one, where, on the hard and smooth earthen floor, are placed stones of different shapes, upon which rest the earthen pots, with the fire built between. Happy hour this, when, after the day's journey, all are grouped around the fire (which feels comfortable in the fresh mountain air),—happy both

for the travelers and for these simple, hospitable people, who are so astonished at hearing you talk in your own language!

On the morning of our fourth day, we were told that the way would lead down, and that during the afternoon we should reach Guadapé, a little town where mules could be procured. This last day proved to be the most interesting of all, and it seemed to be a new and different country that we looked upon from our great height as we descended this side of the mountain range. Strange flowers and plants began to appear, and it was here that we first saw the fuchsia in its wild life festooning the banks in great profusion, tangled and dense like the grape-vines on our arbors at home in the North. I wish it were possible to describe the wild, luxuriant beauty of the scenery on every side of us as we descended! At about midday, from a curve in the mountains, we caught a glimpse of Guadapé on the plain far away below, where, in a few hours, we were objects of kind attention from the inhabitants.

THE LOBSTER'S VICTORY; OR, THE RACE THAT WAS NOT TO THE SWIFT.

BY ABBE REED.



THE Cat and the King they ran a race;
The judges an Owl with solemn face,
And three blind Crabs of courtly grace.



The Cat and the King stood toe to toe;
The Donkey gave his trumpet a blow—
One, two, three, and away they go!



Sure, it was a wonderful thing;
A wild shout made the welkin ring—
To think that a Cat should beat a King!

The Cat bowed low to the stately Queen,
The Goose and the Donkey of haughty mien,
And even the Lobster proud and green;



But then she rose with a pompous air,
And tossed her head and tail in the air,
And challenged the fleetest runner there.

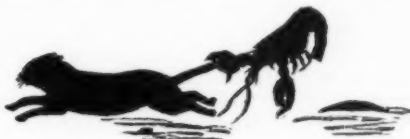
The Lobster strode forth with native grace,
But the Cat disdained to run him a race,
And she flapped her tail in the Lobster's face.



The Lobster caught the tail in his claw,
The audience shouted a grave guffaw,
And the Cat struck out with a "Mew-i-aw."



Around the track the runners tore,
The Lobster behind, the Cat before,
She would reach the goal in one leap more.



But the Lobster he struck a bit of a mound,
And over the Cat's head went with a bound,
And a yard in advance he touched the ground.





"NO, MA'AM,—I DID N'T COME TO SHOOT BIRDS."

A JOLLY FELLOWSHIP.

BY FRANK R. STOCKTON.

CHAPTER XXIII.

UNCLE CHIPPERTON'S DINNER.

THE next day was a busy one for father and mother and myself. All the morning we were out, laying in a small stock of baggage, to take the place of what I had lost on the "Tigris." But I was very sorry, especially on my sister Helen's account, that I had lost so many things in my trunk which I could not replace, without going back myself to Nassau. I could buy curiosities from those regions that were ever so much better than any that I had collected; but I could not buy shells that I myself had gathered, nor great seed-pods, like bean-pods two feet long, which I had picked from the trees, nor pieces of rock that I myself had brought up from a coral-reef.

But these were all gone, and I pacified Helen by assuring her that I would tell her such long stories about these things that she could almost see them in her mind's eye. But I think, by the way she smiled, that she had only a second-rate degree of belief in my power of description. She was a smart little thing, and she believed that Corny was the queen of girls.

While I am speaking of the "Tigris" and our losses, I will just say that the second boat which left the burning steamer was never heard from.

We reached our hotel about noon, pretty tired, for we had been rushing things, as it was necessary for father to go home early the next day. On the front steps we found Uncle Chipperton, who had been waiting for us. He particularly wanted to see me. He lunched with us, and then he took me

off to the place where he was to have his dinner at six o'clock that evening. He wanted to consult with me about the arrangements of the table; where each person should sit, and all that sort of thing. I could n't see the use in this, because it was only a kind of family party, and we should all be sure to get seated, if there were chairs and places enough. But Uncle Chipperton wanted to plan and arrange everything until he was sure it was just right. That was his way.

After he had settled these important matters, and the head-waiter and the proprietor had become convinced that I was a person of much consequence, who had to be carefully consulted before anything could be done, we went down-stairs, and at the street-door Uncle Chipperton suddenly stopped me.

"See here," said he, "I want to tell you something. I'm not coming to this dinner."

"Not—coming!" I exclaimed, in amazement.

"No," said he. "I've been thinking it over, and have fully made up my mind about it. You see, this is intended as a friendly re-union,—an occasion of good feeling and fellowship among people who are bound together in a very peculiar manner."

"Yes," I interrupted, "and that seems to me, sir, the very reason why you should be there."

"The very reason why I should not be there," he said. "You see, I could n't sit down with that most perverse and obstinate man, Colbert, and feel sure that something or other would not occur which would make an outbreak between us, or, at any rate, bad feeling. In fact, I know I could not take pleasure in seeing him enjoy food. This may be wrong, but I can't help it. It's in me. And I won't be the means of casting a shadow over the happy company which will meet here to-night. No one but your folks need know I'm not coming. The rest will not know why I am detained, and I shall drop in toward the close of the meal, just before you break up. I want you to ask your father to take the head of the table. He is just the man for such a place, and he ought to have it, too, for another reason. You ought to know that this dinner is really given to you in your honor. To be sure, Rectus is a good fellow—splendid—and does everything that he knows how; but my wife and I know that we owe all our present happiness to your exertions and good sense."

He went on in this way for some time, and although I tried to stop him I could n't do it.

"Therefore," he continued, "I want your father to preside, and all of you to be happy, without a suspicion of a cloud about you. At any rate, I shall be no cloud. Come around here early, and see that everything is all right. Now I must be off."

And away he went.

I did not like this state of affairs at all. I would have much preferred to have no dinner. It was not necessary, any way. If I had had the authority, I would have stopped the whole thing. But it was Uncle Chipperton's affair, he paid for it, and I had no right to interfere with it.

My father liked the matter even less than I did. He said it was a strange and unwarrantable performance on the part of Chipperton, and he did not understand it. And he certainly did not want to sit at the head of the table, in another man's place. I could not say anything to him to make him feel better about it. I made him feel worse, indeed, when I told him that Uncle Chipperton did not want his absence explained, or alluded to, any more than could be helped. My father hated to have to keep a secret of this kind.

In the afternoon, I went around to the hotel where the Chippertons always staid, when they were in New York, to see Cory and her mother. I found them rather blue. Uncle Chipperton had not been able to keep his plan from them, and they thought it was dreadful. I could not help letting them see that I did not like it, and so we did n't have as lively a time as we ought to have had.

I supposed that if I went to see Rectus, and told him about the matter, I should make him blue, too. But as I had no right to tell him, and also felt a pretty strong desire that some of the folks should come with good spirits and appetites, I kept away from him. He would have been sure to see that something was the matter.

I was the first person to appear in the dining-room of the restaurant where the dinner-table was spread for us. It was a prettily furnished parlor in the second story of the house, and the table was very tastefully arranged and decorated with flowers. I went early, by myself, so as to be sure that everything was exactly right before the guests arrived. All seemed perfectly correct; the name of each member of the party was on a card by a plate. Even little Helen had her plate and her card. It would be her first appearance at a regular dinner-party.

The guests were not punctual. At ten minutes past six, even my father, who was the most particular of men in such things, had not made his appearance. I waited five, ten, fifteen, twenty minutes more, and became exceedingly nervous.

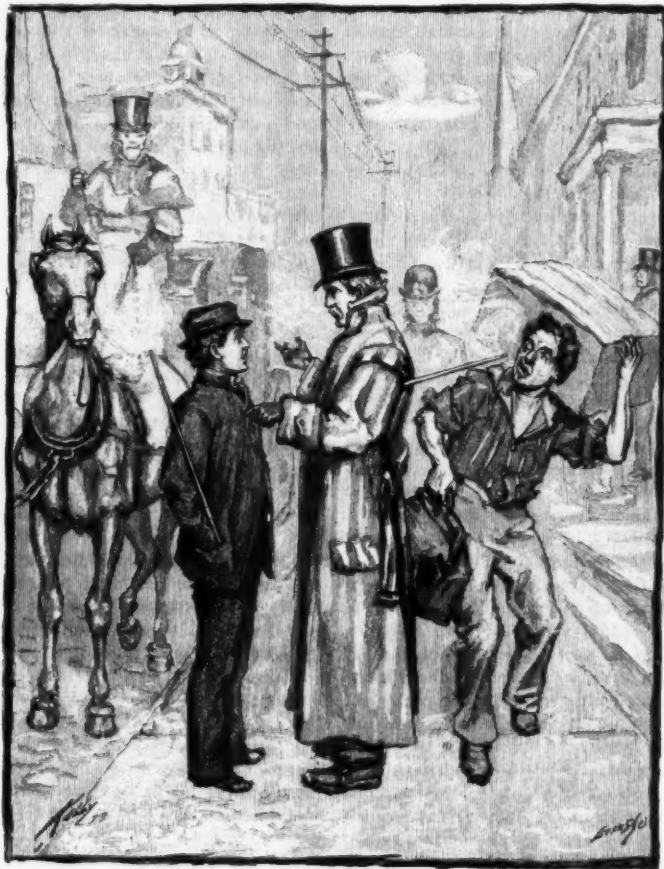
The head-waiter came in and asked if my friends understood the time that had been set. The dinner would be spoiled if it were kept much longer. I said that I was sure they knew all about the time set, and that there was nothing to be done but to

wait. It was most unaccountable that they should all be late.

I stood before the fire-place and waited, and thought. I ran down to the door, and looked up and down the street. I called a waiter and told him to look into all the rooms in the house. They might have gone into the wrong place. But they were not to be seen anywhere.

Then I went back to the fire-place, and did some

as he—my father—is expected to occupy that place himself. So he and mother and Helen have just quietly staid in their rooms at the hotel. Mrs. Chipperton and Corny wont come without Uncle Chipperton. They might ride right to the door, of course, but they are ashamed, and don't want to have to make explanations; and it is ridiculous to suppose that they wont have to be made. As for Rectus and his people, they could not have heard



"'I'M NOT GOING TO THE DINNER,' SAID MR. CHIPPERTON."

more thinking. There was no sense in supposing that they had made a mistake. They all knew this restaurant, and they all knew the time. In a moment, I said to myself:

"I know how it is. Father has made up his mind that he will not be mixed up in any affair of this kind, where a quarrel keeps the host of the party from occupying his proper place, especially

anything, but,—I have it. Old Colbert got his back up, too, and would n't come, either for fear a quarrel would be picked, or because he could take no pleasure in seeing Uncle Chipperton enjoying food. And Rectus and his mother would n't come without him."

It turned out, when I heard from all the parties, that I had got the matter exactly right.

"We shall have to make fresh preparations, sir, if we wait any longer," said the head-waiter, coming in with an air of great mental disturbance.

"Don't wait," said I. "Bring in the dinner. At least, enough for me. I don't believe any one else will be here."

The waiter looked bewildered, but he obeyed. I took my seat at the place where my card lay, at the middle of one side of the table, and spread my napkin in my lap. The head-waiter waited on me, himself, and one or two other waiters came in to stand around, and take away dishes, and try to find something to do.

It was a capital dinner, and I went carefully through all the courses. I was hungry. I had been saving up some extra appetite for this dinner, and my regular appetite was a very good one.

I had raw oysters,
And soup,
And fish, with delicious sauce,
And roast duck,
And croquettes, made of something extraordinarily nice,
And beef *à la mode*,
And all sorts of vegetables in their proper places,
And ready-made salad,
And orange pie,
And wine-jelly,
And ice-cream,
And bananas, oranges and white grapes,
And raisins, and almonds and nuts,
And a cup of coffee.

I let some of these things off pretty easy, toward the last; but I did not swerve from my line of duty. I went through all the courses, quietly and deliberately. It was a dinner in my honor, and I did all the honor I could to it.

I was leaning back in my chair, with a satisfied soul, and nibbling at some raisins, while I slowly drank my coffee, when the outer door opened, and Uncle Chipperton entered.

He looked at me, in astonishment. Then he looked at the table, with the clean plates and glasses at every place, but one. Then he took it all in, or at least I supposed he did, for he sat down on a chair near the door, and burst out into the wildest fit of laughing. The waiters came running into the room to see what was the matter; but for several minutes Uncle Chipperton could not speak. He laughed until I thought he'd crack something. I laughed, too, but not so much.

"I see it all," he gasped, at last. "I see it all. I see just how it happened."

And when we compared our ideas of the matter, we found that they were just the same.

I wanted him to sit down and eat something, but he would not do it. He said he would n't

spoil such a unique performance for anything. It was one of the most comical meals he had ever heard of.

I was glad he enjoyed it so much, for he paid for the whole dinner for ten which had been prepared at his order.

When we reached the street, Uncle Chipperton put on a graver look.

"This is all truly very funny," he said, "but, after all, there is something about it which makes me feel ashamed of myself. Would you object to take a ride? It is only about eight o'clock. I want to go up to see old Colbert."

I agreed to go, and we got into a street-car. The Colberts lived in one of the up-town streets, and Uncle Chipperton had been at their house, on business.

"I never went to see them in a friendly way, before," he said.

It was comforting to hear that this was to be a friendly visit.

When we reached the house we found the family of three in the parlor. They had probably had all the dinner they wanted, but they did not look exactly satisfied with the world or themselves.

"Look here, Colbert," said Uncle Chipperton, after shaking hands with Mrs. Colbert, "why did n't you go to my dinner?"

"Well," said Mr. Colbert, looking him straight in the face, "I thought I'd better stay where I was. I did n't want to make any trouble, or pick any quarrels. I did n't intend to keep my wife and son away; but they would n't go without me."

"No, indeed," said Mrs. Colbert.

"Oh, well!" said Uncle Chipperton, "you need n't feel bad about it. I did n't go, myself."

At this, they all opened their eyes, as wide as the law allowed.

"No," he continued, "I did n't want to make any disturbance, or ill-feeling, and so I did n't go, and my wife and daughter did n't want to go without me, and so they did n't go, and I expect Will's father and mother did n't care to be on hand at a time when bad feeling might be shown, and so they did n't go. There was no one there but Will. He ate all of the dinner that was eaten. He went straight through it, from one end to the other. And there was no ill-feeling, no discord, no cloud of any kind. All perfectly harmonious, was n't it, Will?"

"Perfectly," said I.

"I just wish I had known about it," said Rectus, a little sadly.

"And now, Mr. Colbert," said Uncle Chipperton, "I don't want this to happen again. There may be other re-unions of this kind, and we may

want to go. And there ought to be such re-unions between families whose sons and daughter have been cast away together, on a life-raft, in the middle of the ocean."

"That 's so," said Mrs. Colbert, warmly.

"I thought they were *saved* on a life-raft," said old Colbert, dryly. "And I did n't know it was in the middle of the ocean."

"Well, fix that as you please," said Uncle Chipperton. "What I want to propose is this: Let us two settle our quarrel. Let 's split our difference. Will you agree to divide that four inches of ground, and call it square? I 'll pay for two inches."

"Do you mean you 'll pay half the damages I 've laid?" asked old Colbert.

"That 's what I mean," said Uncle Chipperton.

"All right," said Mr. Colbert; "I 'll agree." And they shook hands on it.

"Now, then," said Uncle Chipperton, who seemed unusually lively, "I must go see the Gordons, and explain matters to them. Wont you come along, Rectus?" And Rectus came.

On the way to our hotel, we stopped for Corny and her mother. We might as well have a party, Uncle Chipperton said.

We had a gay time at our rooms. My father and mother were greatly amused at the way the thing had turned out, and very much pleased that Mr. Colbert and Uncle Chipperton had become reconciled to each other.

"I thought he had a good heart," said my mother, softly, to me, looking over to Uncle Chipperton, who was telling my father, for the second time, just how I looked, as I sat alone at the long table.

Little Helen had not gone to bed yet, and she was sorry about the dinner in the same way that Rectus was. So was Corny, but she was too glad that the quarrel between her father and Mr. Colbert was over, to care much for the loss of the dinner. She was always very much disturbed at quarrels between friends or friends' fathers.

CHAPTER XXIV.

THE STORY ENDS.

THREE letters came to me the next morning. I was rather surprised at this, because I did not expect to get letters after I found myself at home; or, at least, with my family. The first of these was handed to me by Rectus. It was from his father. This is the letter:

"MY DEAR BOY:" (This opening seemed a little curious to me, for I did not suppose the old gentleman thought of me in that way.) "I shall

not be able to see you again before you leave for Willisville, so I write this note just to tell you how entirely I am satisfied with the way in which you performed the very difficult business I intrusted to you—that of taking charge of my son in his recent travels. The trip was not a very long one, but I am sure it has been of great service to him; and I also believe that a great deal of the benefit he has received has been due to you." (I stopped here, and tried to think what I had done for the boy. Besides the thrashing I gave him in Nassau, I could not think of anything.) "I have been talking a great deal with Sammy, in the last day or two, about his doings while he was away, and although I cannot exactly fix my mind on any particular action, on your part, which proves what I say" (he was in the same predicament here in which I was myself), "yet I feel positively assured that your companionship and influence have been of the greatest service to him. Among other things, he really wants to go to college. I am delighted at this. It was with much sorrow that I gave up the idea of making him a scholar; but, though he was a good boy, I saw that it was useless to keep him at the academy at Willisville, and so made up my mind to take him into my office. But I know you put this college idea into his head, though how, I cannot say, and I am sure that it does not matter. Sammy tells me that you never understood that he was to be entirely in your charge; but since you brought him out so well without knowing this, it does you more credit. I am very grateful to you. If I find a chance to do you a real service, I will do it.

"Yours very truly,

"SAMUEL COLBERT, Sr."

The second letter was handed to me by Corny, and was from her mother. I shall not copy that here, for it is much worse than Mr. Colbert's. It praised me for doing a lot of things which I never did at all; but I excused Mrs. Chipperton for a good deal she said, for she had passed through so much anxiety and trouble, and was now going to settle down for good, with Corny at school, that I did n't wonder she felt happy enough to write a little wildly. But there was one queer resemblance between her letter and old Mr. Colbert's. She said two or three times—it was an awfully long letter—that there was not any particular thing that she alluded to when she spoke of my actions. That was the funny part of it. They could n't put their fingers on anything really worth mentioning, after all.

My third letter had come by mail, and was a little old. My mother gave it to me, and told me that it had come to the post-office at Willisville

about a week before, and that she had brought it down to give it to me, but had totally forgotten it until that morning. It was from St. Augustine, and this is an exact copy of it:

"My good friend Big Little Man. I love you. My name Maiden's Heart. You much pious. You buy beans. Pay good. Me wants one speckled

During the morning, most of our party met to bid each other good-bye. Corny, Rectus and I were standing together, having our little winding-up talk, when Rectus asked Corny if she had kept her gray bean, the insignia of our society.

"To be sure I have," she said, pulling it out from under her cloak. "I have it on this little chain which I wear around my neck. I've worn



"TO BE SURE I HAVE," SHE SAID."

shirt. Crowded Owl want one speckled shirt, too. You send two speckled shirts. You good Big Little Man. You do that. Good-bye.

"MAIDEN'S HEART, Cheyenne Chief.

"Written by me, James R. Chalott, this seventh day of March, 187-, at the dictation of the above-mentioned Maiden's Heart. He has requested me to add that he wants the speckles to be red, and as large as you can get them."

it ever since I got it. And I see you each have kept yours on your watch-guards."

"Yes," I said, "and they're the only things of the kind we saved from the burning 'Tigris.' Going to keep yours?"

"Yes, indeed," said Corny, warmly.

"So shall I," said I.

"And I, too," said Rectus.

And then we shook hands, and parted.

THE END.



A LITTLE round head and a little red bonnet,—
Down comes a brown bee and settles upon it.
One or two kisses and off goes the rover,—
Pity the sorrows of little Miss Clover.

THE EDUCATIONAL BREAKFAST AT THE PETERKINS'.

BY LUCRETIA P. HALE.

MRS. PETERKIN'S nerves were so shaken by the excitement of the fall of the three little boys into the inclosure where the cow was kept, that the educational breakfast was long postponed. The little boys continued at school, as before, and the conversation dwelt as little as possible upon the subject of education.

Mrs. Peterkin's spirits, however, gradually recovered. The little boys were allowed to watch the cow at her feed. A series of strings was arranged by Agamemnon and Solomon John, by which the little boys could be pulled up, if they should again fall down into the inclosure. These were planned something like curtain-cords, and Solomon John frequently amused himself by pulling one of the little boys up, or letting him down.

Some conversation did again fall upon the old difficulty of questions. Elizabeth Eliza declared that it was not always necessary to answer, that

many who could, did not answer questions, the conductors of the railroads, for instance, who probably knew the names of all the stations on a road, but were seldom able to tell them.

"Yes," said Agamemnon, "one might be a conductor without even knowing the names of the stations, because you can't understand them when they do tell them!"

"I never know," said Elizabeth Eliza, "whether it is ignorance in them, or unwillingness, that prevents them from telling you how soon one station is coming, or how long you are to stop, even if one asks ever so many times. It would be so useful if they would tell."

Mrs. Peterkin thought this was carried too far in the horse-cars in Boston. The conductors had always left you as far as possible from the place where you wanted to stop; but it seemed a little too much to have the aldermen take it up, and put

a notice in the cars, ordering the conductors, "to stop at the farthest crossing."

Mrs. Peterkin was, indeed, recovering her spirits. She had been carrying on a brisk correspondence with Philadelphia, that she had imparted to no one, and at last, she announced as its result, that she was ready for a breakfast on educational principles.

A breakfast indeed, when it appeared! Mrs. Peterkin had mistaken the alphabetical suggestion, and had grasped the idea that the whole alphabet must be represented in one breakfast.

This, therefore, was the bill of fare: Apple-sauce, Bread, Butter, Coffee, Cream, Doughnuts, Eggs, Fish-balls, Griddles, Ham, Ice (on butter), Jam, Kraut (sour), Lamb-chops, Morning Newspapers, Oatmeal, Pepper, Quince-marmalade, Rolls, Salt, Tea-Urn, Veal-pie, Waffles, Yeast-biscuit.

Mr. Peterkin was proud and astonished. "Excellent!" he cried. "Every letter represented except Z." Mrs. Peterkin drew from her pocket a letter from the lady from Philadelphia. "She thought you would call it X-cellent for X, and she tells us," she read, "that if you come with a zest, you will bring the Z."

Mr. Peterkin was enchanted. He only felt that he ought to invite the children in the primary schools to such a breakfast; what a zest, indeed, it would give to the study of their letters!

It was decided to begin with Apple-sauce.

"How happy," exclaimed Mr. Peterkin, "that this should come first of all! A child might be brought up on apple-sauce till he had mastered the first letter of the alphabet, and could go on to the more involved subjects hidden in bread, butter, baked beans, etc."

Agamemnon thought his father hardly knew how much was hidden in the apple. There was all the story of William Tell and the Swiss independence. The little boys were wild to act William Tell, but Mrs. Peterkin was afraid of the arrows. Mr. Peterkin proposed they should begin by eating the apple-sauce, then discussing it, first botanically, next historically; or perhaps first historically, beginning with Adam and Eve, and the first apple.

Mrs. Peterkin feared the coffee would be getting cold, and the griddles were waiting. For herself, she declared she felt more at home on the marmalade, because the quinces came from grandfather's, and she had seen them planted; she remembered all about it, and now the bush came up to the sitting-room window. She seemed to have heard him tell that the town of Quincy, where the granite came from, was named from them, and she never quite recollected why, except they were so hard, as hard as stone, and it took you almost the whole day

to stew them, and then you might as well set them on again.

Mr. Peterkin was glad to be reminded of the old place at grandfather's. In order to know thoroughly about apples, they ought to understand the making of cider. Now, they might some time drive up to grandfather's, scarcely twelve miles away, and see the cider made. Why, indeed, should not the family go this very day up to grandfather's, and continue the education of the breakfast?

"Why not, indeed?" exclaimed the little boys. A day at grandfather's would give them the whole process of the apple, from the orchard to the cider-mill. In this way, they could widen the field of study, even to follow in time the cup of coffee to Java.

It was suggested, too, that at grandfather's they might study the processes of maple sirup, as involved in the griddle-cakes.

Agamemnon pointed out the connection between the two subjects: they were both the products of trees—the apple-tree and the maple. Mr. Peterkin proposed that the lesson for the day should be considered the study of trees, and on the way they could look at other trees.

Why not, indeed, go this very day? There was no time like the present. Their breakfast had been so copious, they would scarcely be in a hurry for dinner, and would therefore have the whole day before them.

Mrs. Peterkin could put up the remains of the breakfast for luncheon.

But how should they go? The carry-all, in spite of its name, could hardly take the whole family, though they might squeeze in six, as the little boys did not take up much room.

Elizabeth Eliza suggested that she could spend the night at grandfather's. Indeed, she had been planning a visit there, and would not object to staying some days. This would make it easier about coming home, but it did not settle the difficulty in getting there.

Why not "Ride and Tie?"

The little boys were fond of walking; so was Mr. Peterkin; and Agamemnon and Solomon John did not object to their turn. Mrs. Peterkin could sit in the carriage, when it was waiting for the pedestrians to come up; or, she said, she did not object to a little turn of walking. Mr. Peterkin would start with Solomon John and the little boys, before the rest, and Agamemnon should drive his mother and Elizabeth Eliza to the first stopping-place.

Then came up another question,—of Elizabeth Eliza's trunk. If she staid a few days, she would need to carry something. It might be hot, and it

might be cold. Just as soon as she carried her thin things, she would need her heaviest wraps. You never could depend upon the weather. Even Probabilities got you no further than to-day.

In an inspired moment, Elizabeth Eliza bethought herself of the express-man. She would send her trunk by the express, and she left the table directly to go and pack it. Mrs. Peterkin busied herself with Amanda over the remains of the breakfast. Mr. Peterkin and Agamemnon went to order the horse and the express-man, and Solomon John and the little boys prepared themselves for a pedestrian excursion.

Elizabeth Eliza found it difficult to pack in a hurry; there were so many things she might want, and then again she might not. She must put up her music, because her grandfather had a piano; and then she bethought herself of Agamemnon's flute, and decided to pick out a volume or two of the Encyclopedia. But it was hard to decide, all by herself, whether to take G for griddle-cakes, or M for maple sirup, or T for tree. She would take as many as she could make room for. She put up her work-box and two extra work-baskets, and she must take some French books she had never yet found time to read. This involved taking her French dictionary, as she doubted if her grandfather had one. She ought to put in a "Botany," if they were to study trees; but she could not tell which, so she would take all there were. She might as well take all her dresses, and it was no harm if one had too many wraps. When she had her trunk packed, she found it over-full; it was difficult to shut it. She had heard Solomon John set out from the front door with his father and the little boys, and Agamemnon was busy holding the horse at the side door, so there was no use in calling for help. She got upon the trunk; she jumped upon it; she sat down upon it, and, leaning over, found she could lock it! Yes, it was really locked.

But, on getting down from the trunk, she found her dress had been caught in the lid; she could not move away from it! What was worse, she was so fastened to the trunk that she could not lean forward far enough to turn the key back, to unlock the trunk and release herself! The lock had slipped easily, but she could not now get hold of the key in the right way to turn it back.

She tried to pull her dress away. No, it was caught too firmly. She called for help to her mother or Amanda, to come and open the trunk. But her door was shut. Nobody near enough to hear! She tried to pull the trunk toward the door, to open it and make herself heard; but it was so heavy that, in her constrained position, she could not stir it. In her agony, she would have been willing to have torn her dress; but it was her

traveling-dress, and too stout to tear. She might cut it carefully. Alas, she had packed her scissors, and her knife she had lent to the little boys the day before!

She called again. What silence there was in the house! Her voice seemed to echo through the room. At length, as she listened, she heard the sound of wheels.

Was it the carriage, rolling away from the side door? Did she hear the front door shut? She remembered then that Amanda was to "have the day." But she, Elizabeth Eliza, was to have spoken to Amanda, to explain to her to wait for the express-man. She was to have told her as she went down-stairs. But she had not been able to go down-stairs! And Amanda must have supposed that all the family had left, and she, too, must have gone, knowing nothing of the express-man. Yes, she heard the wheels! She heard the front door shut!

But could they have gone without her? Then she recalled that she had proposed walking on a little way with Solomon John and her father, to be picked up by Mrs. Peterkin, if she should have finished her packing in time. Her mother must have supposed that she had done so,—that she had spoken to Amanda, and started with the rest. Well, she would soon discover her mistake. She would overtake the walking party, and, not finding Elizabeth Eliza, would return for her. Patience, only, was needed. She looked round for something to read; but she had packed up all her books. She had packed her knitting. How quiet and still it was! She tried to imagine where her mother would meet the rest of the family. They were good walkers, and they might have reached the two-mile bridge. But suppose they should stop for water beneath the arch of the bridge, as they often did, and the carry-all should pass over it without seeing them, her mother would not know but she was with them! And suppose her mother should decide to leave the horse at the place proposed for stopping, and waiting for the first pedestrian party, and herself walk on, no one would be left to tell the rest, when they should come up to the carry-all. They might go on so, through the whole journey without meeting, and she might not be missed till they should reach her grandfather's!

Horrible thought! She would be left here alone all day. The express-man would come, but the express-man would go, for he would not be able to get into the house!

She thought of the terrible story of Ginevra, of the bride who was shut up in her trunk, and forever! She was shut up on hers, and knew not when she should be released! She had acted once in the ballad of the "Mistletoe Bough." She

had been one of the "guests," who had sung "Oh, the Mistletoe Bough," and had looked up at it, and she had seen at the side-scenes how the bride had laughingly stepped into the trunk. But the trunk then was only a make-believe of some boards in front of a sofa, and this was a stern reality.

It would be late now before her family would reach her grandfather's. Perhaps they would decide to spend the night. Perhaps they would fancy she was coming by express. She gave another tremendous effort to move the trunk toward the door. In vain—all was still.

Meanwhile, Mrs. Peterkin sat some time at the door, wondering why Elizabeth Eliza did not come down. Mr. Peterkin had started on with Solomon John and all the little boys. Agamemnon had packed the things into the carriage,—a basket of lunch, a change of shoes for Mr. Peterkin, some extra wraps,—everything Mrs. Peterkin could think of, for the family comfort. Still Elizabeth Eliza did not come. "I think she must have walked on with your father," she said, at last; "you had better get in." Agamemnon got in. "I should think she would have mentioned it," she continued; "but we may as well start on, and pick her up!" They started off. "I hope Elizabeth Eliza thought to speak to Amanda, but we must ask her when we come up with her."

But they did not come up with Elizabeth Eliza. At the turn beyond the village, they found an envelope stuck up in an inviting manner against a tree. In this way, they had agreed to leave missives for each other as they passed on. This note informed them that the walking party was going to take the short cut across the meadows, and would still be in front of them.

They saw the party at last, just beyond the short cut; but Mr. Peterkin was explaining the character of the oak-tree to his children as they stood around a large specimen.

"I suppose he is telling them that it is some kind of a '*Quercus*'" said Agamemnon, thoughtfully.

Mrs. Peterkin thought Mr. Peterkin would scarcely use such an expression, but she could see nothing of Elizabeth Eliza. Some of the party, however, were behind the tree, some were in front, and Elizabeth Eliza might be behind the tree. They were too far off to be shouted at. Mrs. Peterkin was calmed, and went on to the stopping-place agreed upon, which they reached before long. This had been appointed near Farmer Gordon's barn, that there might be somebody at hand whom they knew, in case there should be any difficulty in untying the horse. The plan had been that Mrs. Peterkin should always sit in the car-

riage, while the others should take turns for walking; and Agamemnon tied the horse to a fence, and left her comfortably arranged with her knitting. Indeed, she had risen so early to prepare for the alphabetical breakfast, and had since been so tired with preparations, that she was quite sleepy, and would not object to a nap in the shade, by the soothing sound of the buzzing of the flies. But she called Agamemnon back, as he started off for his solitary walk, with a perplexing question:

"Suppose the rest all should arrive, how could they now be accommodated in the carry-all? It would be too much for the horse! Why had Elizabeth Eliza gone with the rest without counting up? Of course, they must have expected that she—Mrs. Peterkin—would walk on to the next stopping-place!"

She decided there was no way but for her to walk on. When the rest passed her, they might make a change. So she put up her knitting cheerfully. It was a little joggly in the carriage, she had already found, for the horse was restless from the flies, and she did not like being left alone.

She walked on then with Agamemnon. It was very pleasant at first, but the sun became hot, and it was not long before she was fatigued. When they reached a hay-field, she proposed going in to rest upon one of the hay-cocks. The largest and most shady was at the other end of the field, and they were seated there when the carry-all passed them in the road. Mrs. Peterkin waved parasol and hat, and the party in the carry-all returned their greetings, but they were too far apart to hear each other.

Mrs. Peterkin and Agamemnon slowly resumed their walk.

"Well, we shall find Elizabeth Eliza in the carry-all," she said, "and that will explain all."

But it took them an hour or two to reach the carry-all, with frequent stoppings for rest, and when they reached it, no one was in it. A note was pinned up in the vehicle to say they had all walked on; it was "prime fun."

In this way the parties continued to dodge each other, for Mrs. Peterkin felt that she must walk on from the next station, and the carry-all missed her again while she and Agamemnon stopped in a house to rest, and for a glass of water. She reached the carry-all to find again that no one was in it. The party had passed on for the last station, where it had been decided all should meet at the foot of grandfather's hill, that they might all arrive at the house together. Mrs. Peterkin and Agamemnon looked out eagerly for the party all the way, as Elizabeth Eliza must be tired by this time; but Mrs. Peterkin's last walk had been so slow, that the other party were far in advance and reached the

stopping-place before them. The little boys were all rowed out on the stone fence, awaiting them, full of delight at having reached grandfather's. Mr. Peterkin came forward to meet them, and, at the same moment with Mrs. Peterkin, exclaimed: "Where is Elizabeth Eliza?" Each party looked eagerly at the other; no Elizabeth Eliza was to be seen. Where was she? What was to be done? Was she left behind? Mrs. Peterkin was convinced she must have somehow got to grandfather's. They hurried up the hill. Grandfather and all the family came out to greet them, for they had been seen approaching. There was great questioning, but no Elizabeth Eliza!

It was sunset; the view was wide and fine. Mr. and Mrs. Peterkin stood and looked out from the north to the south. Was it too late to send back for Elizabeth Eliza? Where was she?

Meanwhile the little boys had been informing the family of the object of their visit, and while Mr. and Mrs. Peterkin were looking up and down the road, and Agamemnon and Solomon John were explaining to each other the details of their journeys, they had discovered some facts.

"We shall have to go back," they exclaimed. "We are too late! The maple sirup was all made last spring."

"We are too early; we shall have to stay two or three months,—the cider is not made till October."

The expedition was a failure! They could study the making of neither maple sirup nor cider, and Elizabeth Eliza was lost, perhaps, forever! The sun went down, and Mr. and Mrs. Peterkin still stood to look up and down the road.

Elizabeth Eliza, meanwhile, had sat upon her trunk, as it seemed, for ages. She recalled all the terrible stories of prisoners,—how they had watched the growth of flowers through cracks in the pavement. She wondered how long she could live without eating. How thankful she was for her abundant breakfast.

At length she heard the door-bell. But who could go to the door to answer it? In vain did she make another effort to escape; it was impossible!

How singular! there were footsteps. Some one was going to the door; some one opened it.

"They must be burglars." Well, perhaps that was a better fate—to be gagged by burglars, and the neighbors informed—than to be forever locked on her trunk. The steps approached the door. It opened, and Amanda ushered in the express-man.

Amanda had not gone. She had gathered, while waiting at the breakfast table, that there was to be an express-man whom she must receive.

Elizabeth Eliza explained the situation. The express-man turned the key of her trunk, and she was released!

What should she do next? So long a time had elapsed, she had given up all hope of her family returning for her. But how could she reach them?

She hastily prevailed upon the express-man to take her along until she should come up with some of the family. At least, she should fall in with either the walking party or the carry-all, or she would meet them if they were on their return.

She mounted the seat with the express-man, and slowly they took their way, stopping for occasional parcels as they left the village.

But, much to Elizabeth Eliza's dismay, they turned off from the main road on leaving the village. She remonstrated, but the driver insisted he must go round by Millikin's to leave a bedstead. They went round by Millikin's, and then had further turns to make. Elizabeth Eliza explained that in this way it would be impossible for her to find her parents and family, and at last he proposed to take her all the way with her trunk. She remembered with a shudder that when she had first asked about her trunk, he had promised it should certainly be delivered the next morning. Suppose they should have to be out all night. Where did express carts spend the night? She thought of herself in a lone wood in an express wagon! She could scarcely bring herself to ask, before assenting, when he should arrive?

"He guessed he could bring up before night."

And so it happened that as Mr. and Mrs. Peterkin in the late sunset were looking down the hill, wondering what they should do about the lost Elizabeth Eliza, they saw an express wagon approaching. A female form sat upon the front seat.

"She has decided to come by express," said Mrs. Peterkin. "It is—it is—Elizabeth Eliza!"

TAKING CARE OF HIM NIGHTS.

BY DORA READ GOODALE.

ROB is the nicest baby,
 He hardly ever cries;
 And oh, he is just too lovely
 When he shuts his dark-blue eyes!
 Don't you wish you could see him?
 It is worth a thousand sights!
 "I guess you would n't think so
 If you had to take care of him nights!"

I'm glad he is just so little!
 Wait till he slams the doors,
 Wait till he stamps, and shouts, and screams
 Until he shakes the floors!
 Wait till he wears great rubber boots,
 And teases for balls and kites!
 "I guess you 'd be glad to have him grow
 If you had to take care of him nights!"

NOAH'S ARK ASHORE.

BY F. L. OSWALD.

SOME of my readers may have seen the Hudson at Poughkeepsie, or the Potomac below Washington, and you remember, perhaps, that there are places where the river looks just like a lake and where you might wonder if a rifle-ball could reach the opposite shore. But travelers who skirt the coast of South America, on a steamboat, can only tell by the color of the water that they have left the ocean and entered the mouth of the Amazon or the Rio de la Plata, so vast is the width and volume of these rivers.

The Amazon River gets so extremely broad near its lower end that you can hardly judge of its size, unless your eyesight is sharp enough to distinguish the shores at the distant horizon from the long-stretched woody islands in the middle of the stream. But you begin to realize that it must be the largest river in the world, if your steamboat has entered one of its tributaries, the Rio Madera, and paddled up-stream for six days and six nights without reaching the point from where you can always see both shores at the same time, though the banks begin to rise to a good height and seem steep hills near some of the landings.

There are no large towns anywhere along the Madera River; nothing but trade-posts or missionary stations and modest little villages. On the evening of the seventh day of a trip I once made up the Madera, when we had reached the hill-country, on the frontier of Bolivia, the steward or *mayoral*, who announced the stations, called out such an unusually long, odd-sounding name that he excited my curiosity.

"The frontier of the Empire," he shouted, "San Raphael, the dangerous sand-banks and the Ark of Noah! Get ready for landing at five o'clock!"

I turned to the captain, who was leaning over the bulwark with a spy-glass in his hand.

"What 's all this, Captain?—shall we see all those places at five o'clock, or is it just one place with four different names?"

"Oh, he means the State-line station," laughed the captain; "not much of a place, I am sorry to say, for we shall have to lay up there all night if the boat from above has not come down yet."

"A dangerous sand-bank there, it seems?"

"Yes, sir, an ugly double bar; the first company

that navigated the Madera River lost a fine boat there, the 'Triton,' a big French steamer; and a boat of our own line was ashore there for six weeks before we could get her off."

"It must be a risky place, sure enough. What does he mean by the 'Ark of Noah'?"

"That 's the 'Triton,' the French steamer I was telling you about; she got hopelessly fast between the two main bars; and old Gruyo, the menagerie man, has since turned her into a monkey stable."

"Old Gruyo? Who 's that?"

"Oh, he is a well-known personage in these

kitchen,—in short he managed to fill the boat from the pilot-house to the cock-pit, and that 's the reason we call it the 'Noah's Ark.'"

"It must cost him a deal of money to support such a family?"

"Well, no; not the way he manages. He sells a good many of the creatures to travelers, or exchanges them for household stuff on the boats that call at his wharf. Food is so cheap here; the woods are full of fruits and game, and he has four of his boys at home who help him to provide for his boarders."

When we landed at Don Gruyo's wharf, the sun



IN THE LADIES' CABIN. (SEE PAGE 828.)

parts; an old Peruvian who used to take out a cargo of wild animals and parrots every three months, as long as the French steamers were running; but there is more trouble than profit in that business, and when the 'Triton' ran ashore he gave it up and tried his hand at something else; he keeps a wood-yard now, that supplies all the Bolivian steamers, besides our own line. His household—children, wild-cats, monkeys and all—he moved into the 'Triton,' and it would drive a ship-master wild to see the way they are making themselves at home. Crocodiles in the baggage room, bears in the lady's cabin, water-hogs in the

had almost reached the western horizon, and I asked the captain to let me have a skiff, a sailor and a couple of oars, for half an hour.

"I am anxious to see that menagerie before dark," I told him; "I suppose there will not be much time to-morrow morning?"

"Wait a moment," said the captain; "the other boat is n't down yet, but here is a messenger for me; I am afraid there is something wrong."

He returned slowly, with an open paper in his hand.

"Just as I expected," he said. "You need not hurry, sir; we shall be here all day to-morrow; our

companion-boat has been detained by the low water and will not be down here before to-morrow night."

"Do you think Mr. Gruyo could accommodate one more boarder?" I asked the captain.

"I think he could; visitors from San Carlos have often stopped with him for a couple of days. Do you wish to pass the night ashore?"

"Yes, if you can spare me one of your deck-hands to paddle me across."

"All right," said the captain; "old Pedro here would like that job, I know; he will help you in getting your things from the cabin, whatever you want to take along."

The sand-bar was half a mile from the wharf, but we had hardly left the boat when the people of the Ark seemed to have perceived our intention; for two of Mr. Gruyo's boys ran down to the water's edge, and by shouts and signals, helped my boatman to avoid the dangerous shoals.

"The Major has not seen us yet," said Pedro; "he commonly sends one of his boys across in a skiff, as soon as our boat lands."

"The Major? You mean Mr. Gruyo, don't you? Is he an officer?"

"I don't know, sir; that 's what the settlers hereabouts call him; I believe he was an officer in the Peruvian army, though it puzzles me how he could keep a company of soldiers in proper order. He 's a great deal too kind-hearted; his monkeys and young bears carry on in a way that would bring any other man to disgrace."



THE MAVARRAS.

Behind a copse of newly planted willow-trees the Ark came in sight. It was the hull of a large steamboat, whose smoke-stack and wheel had been

lost or removed, while the addition of an outside staircase and some rude windows gave it the



MR. GRUYO AND HIS PANTHER, PINTO.

appearance of a curiously shaped house, without a roof and without a basement. The new proprietor had built himself a sort of a floating wharf, and, as soon as we landed, the boys secured our skiff, helped me ashore, and pounced upon my baggage.

"Hurrah, Manuel!" shouted the younger of the two, "look here; the gentleman has brought an armful of newspapers along; now we shall find out whether the French or the Prussians have conquered. Please, sir, let us have those newspapers; we will take good care of them."

While they scampered up the plank-road, three of the grown residents came down from the Ark: an old gentleman in a dressing-gown, and with a Peruvian turban on his head that gave him somewhat of an oriental appearance; an old negro with a chair under his arm, and a big panther that walked up to me like an old acquaintance, rubbed his head against my knee, and marched at my side with the liveliest demonstrations of friendship.

"You must excuse the bad manners of my boys, sir," said Mr. Gruyo, when we had shaken hands all around. "They have been brought up in the woods, you see, and don't know how to meet a visitor. My Pinto here" (pointing to the panther) "has been twice to Havana and back, and see the difference, children!" turning to the boys. "He knows that you should salute a stranger before

bothering him with questions or asking favors of him. Well, sit down, sir," he said; "they are getting a room ready for you. You were mighty sensible to leave that stuffy old boat; I am going to give you a nice airy chamber instead of those tight boxes they expect you to sleep in. Besides, there is such a strong current at the lower wharf, that the steamer goes up and down like a cradle. I often used to get sea-sick before we reached the sea. I do not like that everlasting shaking of a steamboat, and a sailing-vessel is worse yet."

"You mean you have no use for a ship till she is ashore? I suppose then you did not regret to discontinue your trips to Havana?"

"Not a bit, sir—not a bit," said the Major. "Too much danger and sea-sickness. And besides, I did n't like the business itself; it wrings my heart to think how our poor animals are treated in the Cuban and Northern menageries; they are starved and abused, and get hardly room enough to turn around; and what they must suffer from the cold climate of those Northern states! Some baboons and cats are so wicked that I should say it serves them right; but a poor little squirrel-monkey, sir, or a good, steady bear that does his best to keep out of trouble,—I think it's a shame, sir, to sell them to a menagerie."

"I do not doubt that your pets would be sorry to leave you, señor; I hear you treat them with a good deal of indulgence?"

"Yes, sir, but they know that I sell them to New York traders whenever they misbehave on purpose, though I am always glad to do them a favor as long as they attend to their duties. I am sorry it's so dark now, but you must see my institute the first thing in the morning, sir. Come to supper now."

Mr. Gruyo's captives seemed, indeed, by no

means anxious to leave him. While we clambered up to the door of the main cabin, we saw a mixed congregation of parrots, cranes and pheasants, perched on the open balustrade; and on a bucket in a corner of the first landing sat a fish-hawk, that took wing at our approach, and alighted on a railing at the further end of the boat, as if to show

that he could fly away if only he had a mind to. Two or three monkeys were leaping about the gallery; and when we opened the door, a troop of *mayarros* trotted around the corner, and tried to follow us into the dining-room,—queer, fat creatures, looking almost like short-legged hogs or overgrown guinea-pigs.

After supper, my boatman went back to with one of Mr. Gruyo's pilot, while I followed my bedroom.

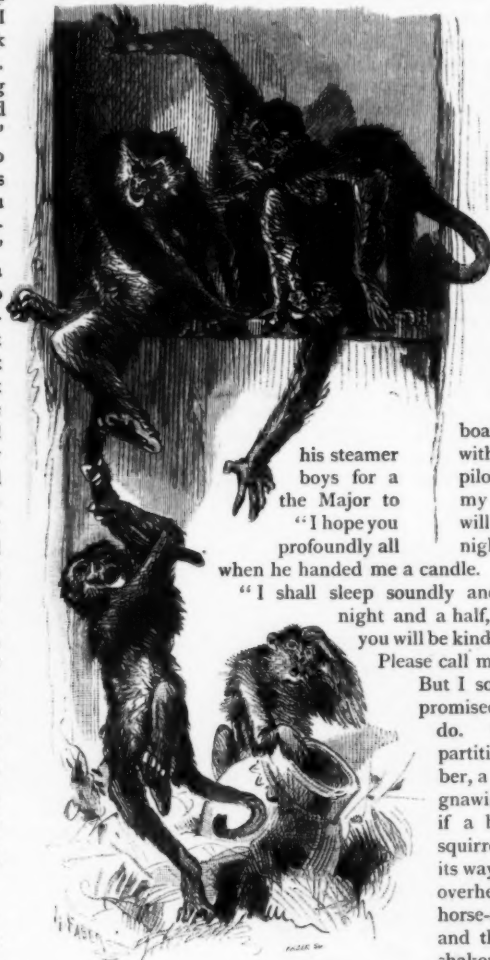
will sleep soundly and night," said Mr. Gruyo,

his steamer boys for a the Major to "I hope you profoundly all when he handed me a candle.

"I shall sleep soundly and profoundly for a night and a half," I replied, "unless you will be kind enough to wake me. Please call me at six o'clock."

But I soon found that I had promised more than I could do. Close to the board partition of my bed-chamber, a curious rasping and gnawing was going on, as if a beaver or a strong squirrel were trying to bite its way through, and right overhead seemed to be a horse-stable, for every now and then the ceiling was shaken by a vigorous kick, and I thought I heard some heavy animal rub its

hide against a post. From below, and, as it often seemed, from somewhere out on the river, came a flute-like, wailing sound, as if shipwrecked mariners with melodious voices were calling for help from a great distance; but I had heard those



THE HOWLING BABOONS DISAGREE.

sounds before, and recognized them as the cries of a small species of sea-gull that frequents the large rivers of Brazil, as well as the coasts. I was more than half asleep, when one of the flamingoes on the balustrade screamed away with all his might, and what was worse, seemed to have awakened his winged and four-footed neighbors all around. From somewhere below I heard a tinkling noise, somewhat like the clucking of a hen, but much more yet like the sound of little bells, accompanied by a mysterious rustling and rumbling: sometimes a single bump and a low tinkling of the bells, then a longer rumbling and repeated tinkles, and finally a series of bumps and a confused noise, as if the Swiss Bell-ringers were falling down-stairs with all their instruments. What in the name of common sense could it be? I thought it reminded me of a noise I had heard in the shore thickets of the lower Amazon in moonlight nights, though I could hardly persuade myself that animals could produce such a metallic sound.

But what puzzled me still more was the noise overhead; the kicks and thumps became more frequent, and were now mingled with groans and a most singular gurgling howl, as if a man was trying to roar away with his mouth full of water, and was getting choked in the attempt. I could not sleep, but my curiosity got the better of my

matter. Toward midnight the bumps subsided, and the bell-ringers seemed to have concluded their soirée; but the rasping in the wall still continued, and when I finally fell asleep, I dreamed that I was on board of an ocean steamer, and that some monster of the deep was trying to scuttle the ship by gnawing away at the walls.

"I hope you have enjoyed a good night's rest?" was the Major's first question at breakfast.

"Do you really think that possible?" I was going to say, but I remembered that millers and engineers become case-hardened by hearing the noise of their machinery night and day; they sleep all the better for it, and forget that other people don't.

"Your beds would do credit to an English hotel," I replied; "and I wonder how you manage to keep everything so tidy? You have some four-legged boarders in the upper story, have n't you?"

"Yes, a few; the *bramadors* (howling baboons) are in a chamber by themselves, and the *armadillos* sleep up there."

"Howling baboons? that explains it," I thought. "Some of your monkeys are wearing bells," I said; "or what makes that queer tinkling noise?"

"Tinkling? Oh, I know—you mean the *pollos*, the little black pheasants; they get unruly now and then after dark, and rush around and make a ringing noise as if you kept twenty cymbals agoing. They are just below your room,—I am afraid you heard them very plainly last night?"

"Not as plainly as the baboons overhead; they seemed to have a grand wrestling match, combined with vocal exercises."

"The rascals! I will tell you what it is: there are five or six of them trying to get on a shelf that's hardly large enough for one or two to sleep on, so they push one another overboard and get mad about it. If they don't feel like sleeping, they do not show the least consideration for other people's feelings, and I must sell one or two of them to make the rest more careful. Now, some monkeys are just as sensible as old professors; would you like to see them?"

"Oh yes! Introduce me if you please; let's have a look at the whole college."

If Noah's guests were as well off as Mr. Gruyo's, they must have been almost sorry when the waters assuaged and the ark landed on Mount Ararat. Birds, quadrupeds and reptiles were running at large on the "Triton," and proved by their behavior that they felt as perfectly at home as a badger in his burrow. In a recess under the main stair-way a bear was lying on her back and playing with her cubs; monkeys of all sizes and all ages were running races around the galleries, and, under the roof of the carpenter-shop, parrots and pigeons had



A QUEER PONY.

vexation, and if I had been able to light my candle, I should have gone upstairs to investigate the

their nests, and were flying about all day long, while the ladies' cabin was the general play-ground, where boys, bears and all could enjoy their leisure hours. Mr. Gruyo's youngest son was sitting on a little stool, sharing his breakfast with a squirrel-monkey; raccoons, weasels and foxes were playing at hide-and-seek in the broken wainscoting; a big black squirrel had made his nest in the hollow wall, and was putting in a store of provisions, and near one of the windows a young puma was lying fast asleep. Outside, in a corner of the gallery, a litter of *mayarros*, or water-hogs, were hustling about in a pile of straw, and near the carpenter-shop a *cabron* (mountain goat) and four guinea-pigs were sharing an armful of green vegetables. In the shop, a silky-haired spaniel was nursing her young ones, and when we opened the door she jumped up and made a dash at a tame capuchin-monkey that had followed us from the cabin.

"Would you like to see our wild cats?" said the old negro, who had shown me around. "We keep them in that pen over there; they are the only creatures we cannot trust at large."

The cats, a species of ocelot, or dwarf panther, were chained up in a tool-shop, and looked certainly as if they could not be trusted among the rest of the boarders.



THE CAPRON SURPRISES THE BABOON.

"How did you manage to catch those wild fellows?" I asked the negro, who stood by me.

"Our wood-choppers found them in a hollow tree," he said. "We had six of them, but they all got away excepting these two, and I wish they were gone, too. They keep getting more savage with every single inch they grow."

"I suppose it is a great trouble to those wild creatures?"

"It was, sir, when I had to but now the two me, and some are getting able themselves. We cranes and pig-only two or parrots get their rest are only take their meals

"Are you not might forget to "No, sir; they young ones body bothers be different if caged up. They here, and it would a great deal rather stay with us than out in the woods, where all sorts of wild creatures get after them."

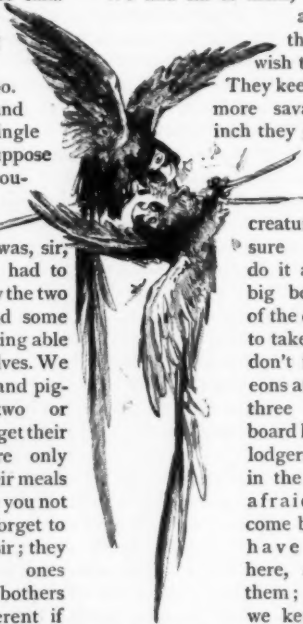
When we went back to the ladies' cabin, we found that some new guests had arrived in the meanwhile; four of the *bramadors*, or howling baboons, had come down from their private apartments, and one of Mr. Gruyo's boys was trotting around the hall on a tame tapir, that seemed to enjoy the fun quite as much as his rider.

"What's this?" I asked, pointing to a sort of knotted rope that was hanging down from the broken chandelier.

"That's the monkey-swing," said my guide; "they would be exercising on that like ropedancers, if they were not afraid of you. It makes them shy to see a stranger."

I had noticed something of the sort myself; so, after dinner, I took a seat in the darkest corner of the cabin, where the Major joined me before long, and where we could watch his pets unobserved.

When you see animals in a menagerie, they appear sullen and stupid, every one of them; but if they are unconfined, they show that there is just as much difference in their dispositions as among a house full of school-boys. Even between individ-



A LIVELY TALK.

uals of the same species I could notice such distinctions. The same little capuchin-monkey that had been quarreling with the spaniel was now quarreling with his comrades, and playing all sorts of mischievous pranks, while two of his relations were sitting arm in arm on a step-ladder, the picture of tender friendship and contented peacefulness. Three of the howling baboons were taking a sociable walk around the cabin, and mixed freely with the smaller animals; but one baboon was crouching in a corner all by himself, and growled viciously if any living thing came near him.

In regard to food, frugivorous animals are strangely improvident; they take a bite at a pine-apple and throw it away, crack a nut and let it fall after picking out a few fragments of the meat, or eat their fill and never care if anything is left for the next day; but while the monkeys, guinea-pigs and raccoons, were wasting their food in this reckless fashion, the black squirrel picked up all the crumbs and kernels it could find and stored them away in its private granary. A little *lorie* or squirrel-monkey, entertained us by his daring performances on the knotted rope; he swung around in a circle, jumped against the ceiling and came down head foremost, but grabbed the rope with his tail just in time to save himself from a fall; turned somersaults in the air, on the step-ladder, and on the floor; in short, seemed incapable of keeping quiet for a single second. An animal of about the same size, but unlike the *lorie* in every other respect, was lying on his belly at the foot of the step-ladder, motionless and apparently lifeless; an old *ayē*, or sloth, as our language very properly calls it. A sloth would rather die than save its life by bestirring itself, and, what is still stranger, the operations of its mind seem quite as sluggish as those of its body. You can teach an *ayē* to come for his dinner, or to crawl after you if you walk

slowly around the room, but you have to call him three or four times before he makes up his mind to stir a foot. One of the baboons, happening to pass near the step-ladder, grabbed the *ayē* by the tail, turned it over on its back, fetched it a bite and scampered away. The *ayē* lay motionless for a while, but then, as if he gradually comprehended the indignity he had suffered, broke out in a series of cries which increased from a grunting squeak to frightful screams, then suddenly stopped, as if he remembered something else, and, turning slowly over, managed with difficulty to get on his feet again.

Somebody opened a door on the lower deck, and soon after a troop of young spider-monkeys (*frates delgados*, that is, brother long-legs, the Spaniards call them) rushed into the room, upset the step-ladder, chased the squirrel up and down the cabin, up the wall and into its hole, and succeeded in driving the surly baboon out of his corner and out on the gallery. When they were gone, the Major's eldest son came in:

"The long-legs broke out when I opened the old baggage-room," he said; "but, if you will let me, I will get the mastiff after them and drive them back. Will you, father?"

"Well, no; let them alone," said the merciful man; "they

are sowing their wild oats, and will get more steady as they grow older. But let's go out and see what they are up to now."

"Halloo! did you hear that yell? Listen," said the boy; "I knew they would get themselves into some trouble or other. They have tackled the bear now; that's what they have been doing."

The long-legs rushed by in wild flight when we stepped out on the gallery; but one of them limped visibly, and could hardly follow his companions.

"What's up here?" said the Major.

"It's Moretta" (the bear), said the negro. "I



MOTHER MORETTA DEFENDS HER CUBS.

was just coming upstairs when she fetched one of them an ugly scratch. They were running helter-skelter against her cubs, and she sprang up and got at one of the long-legs. Tore a piece of his hide off, I guess."

The Major walked up to the bear-camp and shook his finger at the old lady.

"What have you been doing, Moretta?" he said; "don't you know that you ought to make allowance for the inexperience of such young animals? You ought to be ashamed of yourself."

"Stop," said Mr. Gruyo, when we passed the carpenter-shop; "I wonder what that cabron is going to do; look at him."

The cabron or mountain goat was standing upon

loped around and around the carpenter-shop with flashing eyes, as if he hoped to discover some means of following his enemy to the roof. Finding that stronghold unapproachable, he jumped upon the railing, shook his teeth at the cabron, and gave him a bit of his mind,—I do not know in what language, but in such emphatic terms that we all burst out laughing. The Major alone did not smile but eyed the chattering animal with a severe frown.

"It served him just right," he said; "look here,"—showing me a deep scar on his left hand,—"a year ago one of his whelps fell into the river, and I got a skiff and saved its life; and two weeks after, this old one bit my hand through and



"THE ARK IN ITS SOLITUDE."

the roof, at the very edge, watching our old friend, the snarling baboon, who had taken a seat upon an empty keg, and was picking the seeds out of a piece of water-pumpkin. The cabron walked to the opposite end of the roof and jumped down, so nimbly and cleverly that he alighted upon a small bundle of grass, almost without any noise. Sneaking around the shop he next appeared in rear of the baboon, measured his distance, stepped back a little, and suddenly rushed against the pumpkin-eater with such violence that he hurled the keg against the railing of the boat, while the baboon, taken completely by surprise, went down head over heels against the boards of the shop. The cabron then stepped back, brought his legs close together, and regained the roof by a magnificent jump.

For a moment, the baboon lay on his back, speechless with rage; but in the next instant he jumped to his feet with a coughing roar, and gal-

through. He is an ungrateful, most heartless animal."

The puppies in the shop began to whine, and their mother growled and scratched at the door.

"Halloo!" said I, "the spaniel in there is getting uneasy; this noise here frightened her."

"No, no," said the old negro, looking around, "she is after something else. I thought so; here's the capuchin-monkey,—that's what ails her. She can stand any amount of noise, but she can't abide the capuchin. I guess she takes him for a cat, on account of his hairy tail."

When we went back to the cabin, we left the two monkeys making faces at the carpenter-shop, the baboon at the roof, and the capuchin at the door.

I was in the dining-room, looking at a glass box full of small fish and water-lizards, when the Major walked up to me in great excitement:

"Oh, señor," he said, "don't you want to buy a

bear, or do you know if there are any other passengers on the steamer who might like to have one? I must sell a bear; I can't forgive him what he has been doing just now."

"Who is it?" I asked; "the she-bear with her cubs?"

"No, no; the he-bear, the rascal; he hid himself behind a pile of gunny-bags, near the pantry, and when the door was left open for a minute, he went in and ate a basketful of bananas."

"Too bad, too bad!" said I; "but wait till tomorrow, señor; may be you will forgive him yet. He thought, perhaps, the door was left open on purpose."

"That 's no excuse at all," cried the Major; "bananas are sixty-five cents a bushel now, and he ought to know better than to eat a whole basketful. I shall sell him before the end of this week."

We had a late supper, and I took care not to go

to bed before I was sure that the baboons had settled their dispute about the possession of that shelf. A little after sunrise the negro waked me with the announcement that my boatman was coming, and that the steamer would leave at nine o'clock.

We had a little breakfast, and when the boat blew her first whistle, I settled my bill, and left the ark in its solitude.

"My boys would take you across in our family boat," said the Major, "but this is Sunday, and I sent them all to the Mission church."

The Major, the negro, and some of the four-legged boarders, followed me down to the wharf.

"Halloo! look here," said I; "here are our two prize-fighters,—the spaniel and the capuchin; it is a great wonder they are not quarreling!"

"I would not advise them to try it," said the Major, very gravely; "they know better than to fight on Sunday."

THE ROBIN AND THE TROUT.

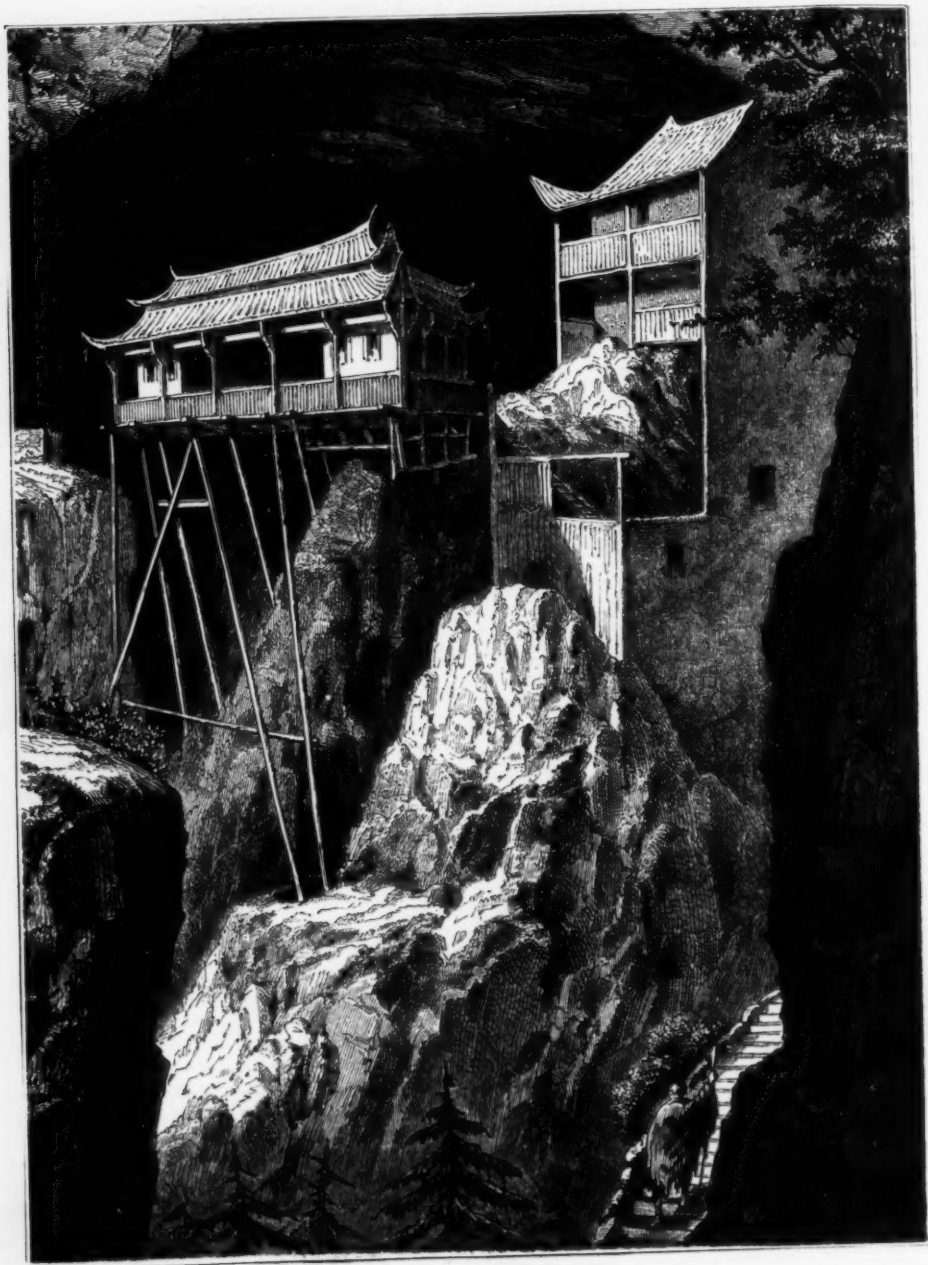
(A Fable.)

BY NATHANIEL NILES.

A ROBIN flew down to a river to drink,
But stopped, ere she sipped it, a moment to think,—
"If drinking a little can do so much good,
How fine I should feel if I lived in the flood!"
So she hopped in the stream to accomplish her wish,
But sank to the bottom, and died among fish.
She scarcely had chirruped her odd fancy out,
When, looking before her, she spied a fine Trout
Who was lying quite still, and heard the queer wish,—
So odd for a robin, but right for a fish.
Just then a fat insect had caught the Trout's eye,
And up to the surface he flew for the fly.
"Delicious!" he cried. "If such things fill the air,
'T were better, by far, to leave here, and live there!"
So hoping to feast upon many flies more,
He leaped from the water, and died on the shore.

MORAL.

Be always contented; but, if you aim higher,
Think twice, lest you leap from the pan to the fire.
Remember, a little will often be good,
When more, if we take it, would poison our food.
And then, above all things, let nothing compel us,
To wish we were somebody else, or be jealous!



THE MONASTERY OF "YUNG-FEU."

A CURIOUS MONASTERY.

By J. L.

HIGH up among the mountains of China, stands one of the most curious religious edifices in the world. It is the monastery of "Yung-feu," where a body of Chinese priests live at a height above their fellow-creatures, which is supposed to correspond with their superior eminence in sanctity.

The monastery consists of several buildings, which are set upon the rocks at the entrance of an immense cavern near the top of a lofty mountain. These rocks are so precipitous, and reach to such a frightful height, that it seems almost impossible for any one to get up to the buildings without the aid of a balloon. And it is, indeed, a difficult task to climb to those enormous heights. Near the monastery there are steps, cut in the rock, but for most of the journey from the level country beneath, the narrow, steep and slippery path leads sometimes through lonely gorges, with high walls of bare rock, and sometimes through thick and dark forests.

One of the buildings is supported on tall timbers which, at a little distance, look like slender poles, and it might easily be supposed that if one of these should happen to break, the whole house would go tumbling down among the rocks. But the house may be better fastened and strengthened than we think, for the Chinese and the Japanese have a way of making things with bamboo-poles

and sticks and reeds which look quite frail and shaky, but which are really very strong.

Here the Chinese priests and devotees live year after year, almost out of the world, and certainly high above the greater part of it, and they probably think that by shutting themselves up among these lofty, and almost inaccessible crags, they are performing a religious duty of a high order.

In spite of the difficulties and dangers of the ascent, the dwellers in the monastery frequently receive visits from travelers. There is much here to interest visitors,—the vast cave to the entrance of which the buildings seem standing guard; the deep ravines down into which one can look from almost any part of the houses, and the people themselves whose strange idea of religious duty has led them to pass their lives among the caves and precipices of this desolate and gloomy mountain.

Many an American boy, however, would be apt, as he looked upon that queer house set upon its stilts, to think what a jolly thing it would be—if nobody lived in the house—to climb up there some day with a saw, cut through a couple of those poles, and let the whole affair come tumbling down the rocks. It would make a splendid crash, and it would be so easy to do it!

But it will probably be a long time before any boy with a saw shall find those houses empty.

WHAT KATE FOUND IN THE WELL.

By EMMA K. PARRISH.

KATE was a polygon. Now I am afraid some of you will be thinking of those funny little black things that you see in the spring going wiggle-waggle around in the pools of water by the roadside; but, dear me, I did n't mean anything of the sort. It tells about them in the back part of the arithmetic—about the polygons, I mean. They are figures having many sides; and Kate as a character had a great many sides, so of course she was a polygon.

There was one side when she came down-stairs on a sunny morning with a footstep as light as

that of a young gazelle, and gave everybody a hearty kiss and a smile, and flew around like a little breeze helping her mother set the table and turn the pancakes—that is to say, the griddle-cakes, the flapjacks. At such times her mother looked pleased, and called her Kitty; and dear old grandma would say, "Bless her little heart, what a happy child she is." But may be Kate would eat a little too much sirup on her breakfast cakes, which would make her uncomfortable, and then she would go around scowling and puckering up her face, and nothing would please her, and by bed-

time she would n't have a smile for any one, nor scarcely a civility. Before the next morning, she would have reflected upon her course, and considered what a misspent day had gone by, and she would make up her mind to be serene and dignified, like her Sunday-school teacher. So she would help her mother in a grave, womanly manner, answering sweetly, "Yes, ma'am," or "No, ma'am," but no more; and she would tie grandma's cap-strings, and fix the cushions in her chair so comfortably, and save her the nicest piece of fried sausage. And grandma would murmur to herself, "That dear child aint long for this world, bless her lovely face!" You see grandma would forget how cross Kate was the day before. On such occasions her mother called her Katy, and looked upon her as her right-hand supporter, for Molly was always busy dressing the children before breakfast.

But wait a little while. At eleven o'clock on just such a day as that, Kate's dearest friend, Almira, came from the village to see her, and they began their festivities by a gentle, quiet game with their dolls, and were perfect models of propriety for about one hour. They then glided lightly into the mirthful amusement of jumping rope; then waxing riotous, nothing short of sliding down straw-stacks and jumping from the hay-mow into the "bay" would satisfy them. Finally, they degenerated into perfect tom-boys, and, taking hold of the little calves' tails, goaded those innocent bovines into a frenzy of fright with screams and yells of "Go 'long," and "Git up, Bossy;" and, breaking all boundaries, went cantering down the road right past the front door, like young Indians on a buffalo hunt. Then did Kate's mother appear in the door-way, stern and forbidding, and call out distinctly, "Katherine, I am *astonished* at you!"

Kate's head drooped, and mortification seized her; subdued and ashamed, she returned from the chase and spent the rest of the day in serious talk with her dearest friend, who returned to her village home with very enlarged views of life, but with a faint, lingering wish that Kate was n't so changeable.

That is how Kate was a polygon; at least, that is part of it; she had so many, many sides, that I would n't bother you to hear about them all.

One day, when Kate was in one of her peculiar states of mind, she and Molly and Bert and Davy had the circle of their society enlarged by the arrival of two visitors, Fanny and Lulu, who had come to spend the day.

The state in which Kate that day existed was one of partial melancholy, caused mainly by jealousy. Her mind had long been revolving a

gloomy subject, namely, that her mother did n't love her so much as she did the other children, particularly Danny, the big brother of them all. She had thought about it more or less ever since the day her mother so sternly reproved her about the calves. "Mother does n't love me, I know," she thought, "or she never would have looked so at me; she never looks that way at Danny." It did n't occur to Kate that Danny seldom needed "looking at," but was a wonderfully well-behaved boy for his fifteen years.

The children played nimbly for some time with the long bench in the chip-yard, making believe it was a boat, and spearing lots of alligators (those were hens), with a terrible great spear (that was a clothes pole). After a while they were shipwrecked, and being, like all shipwrecked people, voraciously hungry, they filed into the house, to see what they could find to eat. They stood in a clamorous row around the table where Mrs. Witherling was making cottage cheese, and that kind-hearted woman wiped her hands and spread for each child a slice of bread and butter, and then returned to her work.

"Now," thought Kate, with a deep sigh, "this is a good time to ask mother about that, right before everybody," and taking her fate in her hands along with her bread and butter, she said:

"Mother, which of us do you like the best?"

"Why, I like you all, every one," said her mother, puzzled a little.

"I believe you like Danny the best," said Kate, earnestly.

"Mother does; she always gives him the biggest piece of everything," said Molly, satisfied that the whole question was now settled.

"Daniel is biggest," said their mother; "that's why I give him the biggest piece of everything."

"No, but you never scold him," said Kate.

"Perhaps he does n't disobey me so much," said her mother, mildly.

"Disobey" was a very uncomfortable word to Kate, and she never used it, on any account.

"Well, then," said she, "you like Danny the best, because he *is* the best, don't you, mother?"

"No," said her mother, "I like Daniel and every one of you just the same; but I don't have to scold him so much, because he minds better."

"But I don't believe you like *me* so well as you do Danny, or any of the rest," argued Kate.

"Why, yes, child, I do. What in the world made you think such a thing?"

"Mamma, make me a cheese?" asked Davy.

"Make you a cheese?" answered mamma, laughing. "Yes, I'll make you a cheese," and she rolled up a cunning little ball, about the size of a marble, and put it in Davy's fat little hand, and he put it directly in his red little mouth.

"Me one, mamma," said Bert.

Then every one must have a cheese, and Kate silently took hers, among the rest. She had not answered her mother's question, but turned away, feeling a little as if she wanted to cry. She knew now that her mother did n't love her like Davy, because she petted him, nor like Danny, for she respected him so. She did n't blame her, oh no, but she felt very forsaken and desolate. Such is the power of jealousy.

"Now, children," said Mrs. Witherling, "run out and play; don't go too far away, for father 'll be home soon, and then we 'll have supper."

The children walked out meditatively munching their cheeses as they went. Who would have thought they would get into mischief in less than two minutes and under their mother's very eyes?

"Oh, there 's the well; let's go and look down," cried Molly, casting a doubtful eye at the windows, to see if her mother was watching, for she well knew there was danger in that "long hole."

The well was a new one, about twenty feet deep, and dry, because the men had n't found water yet. But they would find it, sure, because old Mr. Cripps had tried it with a witch-hazel that twisted around like everything when he held it in his hands over the place.

"There 's water thar; there 's water thar," he said. "Keep a-diggin' an' you 'll come to it."

"I s'pose there 's water som'eres between here an' Chiny," one of the men answered.

The diggers were gone to the caucus that afternoon, with father and Uncle Rick and Danny, and the well was covered with boards. Kate asked her mother that morning when she heard about it, if she and Molly could n't go, too.

"Why, child, what do you want to go there for?" her mother asked, much amused.

"To see the wild beasts, and the animals, and everything," Kate responded.

Her mother laughed and said she hoped there wouldn't be any wild animals there. It was only a kind of meeting where people made speeches, and she did n't believe Kate would enjoy it very much.

About an hour afterward, Kate happened to think that circus was the word she had meant, instead of caucus, and she felt very sheepish.

So that was how the well was left to take care of itself. There was no curb, but there was a windlass, and a bucket in which the men let themselves down, and drew up the gravel and clay that they dug out.

"Let's look in," said Molly, who was afraid of nothing; and Fanny, who was afraid of but one thing, and that was a cow, drew near, and tried to peer through the cracks between the boards. Molly

pulled one of the boards aside, and pushing her gingham sun-bonnet back from her face, gazed down; then seeing nothing but great darkness, pulled away another board.

"Oh, girls, it's splendid!" she cried. "It's awful deep, and dark, and funny! How I would like to go down again!"

Kate and Fanny scrambled to the edge, and were likewise delighted with the view. Then little Lulu and Bert and Davy all clamored to see, and were held tightly by their skirts, and allowed to enjoy the dangerous pleasure "just a little minute," and were then set carefully back several feet from the well.

"I 'll let you down, Kate, if you want to go," said Molly.

"Would n't you rather go first?" asked Kate, a little timidly.

"No," said Molly, decidedly; "that is, *no* about going now, because you aint strong enough to let me down, but not no because I am afraid. Why," she said, growing enthusiastic, "Uncle Rick let me down just by the rope alone; I just put my foot in the hook that they hang the bucket on, and I hung on to the rope with only one hand and swung down magnificent! It was grander than any swing you ever saw."

Kate's fears were forgotten at this glowing account, and after Molly had wound up the rope on the windlass, she seated herself in the somewhat clayey bucket, and prepared to descend. The bucket swung off the platform grandly and moved at first with a slow, jerking motion. But soon the jerks came faster and faster, the windlass thumped very loud, and the bucket began to whirl around and around and to bump against the narrow walls, and in a moment more, with a dreadful shock, it struck the bottom of the well. A quantity of sand and dirt flew into Kate's face, and the long, heavy rope came circling and coiling down on her poor little head. She offered a few screams which were answered by faint, frightened screams from upper earth. Then the water began to ooze through the sandy floor of her prison. Evidently the shock had loosened the earth so that the underground stream for which the men were searching found a place to flow through. Dreadful was Kate's terror for a moment when she thought of being drowned away down in that dark hole, but she had presence of mind enough to lift out the great rope, and that lightened her queer boat so that it floated a little, but only a very little, for it was a great, heavy bucket, with much clay clinging to its sides, and Kate was by no means a "light weight." The bucket tipped about dizzily whenever she moved, and she felt like a very forsaken mariner in her tub, for although not a whole minute

had passed since her arrival on this unknown sea, it seemed like a long, long while. Tears of distress came to her eyes at thought of being left there to drown like a rat, and she began to think her mother did n't love her the least speck, or she would have come to help her out. In the midst of these mental murmurings her mother's kind face appeared between her and the sky, and her ringing voice called out, "Don't be afraid, Katy; sit very still and I'll help you out in just a minute." Then her face disappeared, and soon a doubled clothes-line came dangling down to Kate.

Then she turned her attention to Molly, whose head had been cruelly bruised by the windlass. That young lady felt as if an explanation was required of her for the rather imperfect manner in which she had lowered her sister into the well; and she accordingly went into the minutest particulars as to how the windlass became unmanageable, the handle slipped from her grasp, flew around violently and hit her on the head as if it meant to send her in search of her hapless sister, and then somehow the rope got loose from the windlass, and went down too. This was Molly's



"A NARROW ESCAPE."

"Tie it to the handle of the bucket," her mother called; "mind you tie it very tight. Wind it a great many times round and round and round. Be very careful, dear, and tie it strong."

How like the balm of Gilead were those tender words to Kate's jealous little heart. She tied the rope very carefully, and was laboriously hauled up out of the well, and helped to totter out upon the earth once more, weak and white.

"My darling child!" cried her mother, embracing her; "what a narrow escape!"

repentant explanation, which was received very forgivingly, and she joined in the general joy. The other children were too happy to contain themselves when they saw Kate safe among them once more, and they hopped around like a brood of curious large chickens, hugging Kate and everybody else, by turns.

Father and Uncle Rick and Danny soon came, and were astonished at the news.

"Well," said Uncle Rick, "it's as old Mr. Cripps said, after all, but who'd have thought Katy

would find the water! It's her heft, I think; it must be her heft."

And for a good many weeks after that, Uncle Rick would allude to Kate as "our patent well-digger, and finder of water."

But Kate found something else besides water

while rocking in that bucket, and this was the sure and certain knowledge that her mother loved her ever so much. How much, she never could know, but I think that mother's love was much deeper than the well, and that it would have taken a much longer rope to sound its depths.

THE SCHOOL IN THE WOODS.

BY MAURICE THOMPSON.

"The boy's will is the wind's will."

WHEN I was a boy, I lived with my father on his plantation in the Cherokee country of North Georgia. A passion for the study of natural history, and especially ornithology, led me to spend most of my time in the woods. I had a leather knapsack, made water-tight, in which I carried my books and a small telescope. My arms were an English bow and arrows, and a very short, light, single-barreled shot-gun.

My father's plantation consisted of some two or three hundred acres of cleared land, lying on the edge of an immense forest of pine and oak, through which flowed a beautiful river, named by the Cherokee Indians, "Coosawattee." Some clear spring streams, too, rising in the foot-hills, or rather the spur-ridges of the pine-log mountains, rippled along the many little dells among ferns, wild morning-glories and balsam.

This region was a paradise of birds and many kinds of small quadrupeds. A few deer were to be seen, if you understood how to look for them, and occasionally a flock of wild turkeys would rise from the edge of some sedgy glade with a loud flapping of wings, and fly away into the darkest hollows of the woods.

Let me tell you how I prosecuted my various studies. I wished to study all the branches of a liberal education whilst paying especial attention to zoölogy and general natural history, and I so arranged my studies that by spending more than the usual time with my teachers Mondays, Tuesdays and Wednesdays, I had Thursdays, Fridays and Saturdays free for my woodland ramblings and out-door studies. It was a very joyful school-life. Whilst lying beside clear mountain-springs, in the cool shade of the wild woods, with many rare songsters warbling above me, I read Wilson and Bonaparte and Audubon's books on birds. At other times I would sit on the cedar-covered bluffs of the Coosawattee, and pore over

mathematical problems. I read some choice novels, principally French, in order to get a good knowledge of that language. I remember well how "The Romance of a Poor Young Man" delighted me. I translated and read, during one bass-fishing season, the "Essây on Old Age," and the "*Somnium Scipionis*" of Cicero, and many of the odes of Horace.

My father had a friend living in England who, finding out that I was a great bird-hunter, wrote to ask if I could kill and skin for him two perfect specimens of the great black woodpecker, a bird then very hard to find, and now almost extinct in a larger part of what was once its habitat. He offered to pay me ten pounds, sterling money, for the skins. Of course, I was delighted with the chance of earning so large a sum in a way which appeared so easy.

It was in February when I received the letter. I remember that a light snow, a rare thing in that latitude so late in the winter, lay on everything, sticking so fast to the leaves of the small pine saplings that the lower limbs drooped down to the ground. I went forth at once with my shot-gun, thinking that in a few hours I could earn the ten pounds. But I did not at first properly consider what the Englishman had meant by *perfect* specimens, nor did I foresee that it would take a whole week's hunt to get a shot at the kind of bird I wanted; and even then to miss it!

The great American woodpecker is a beautiful bird. He is rather larger than a tame pigeon, almost jet black over the most of his body and wings, though the latter, when spread out, disclose some white feathers and spots, and his breast and sides are mottled with shades of different dark colors. On each side of his head is a line of white. On his crown is a long tuft of brilliant scarlet feathers. His beak or bill is very long, strong and sharp. His legs are short, of a dark, dingy

hue. Nearly always when flying, he goes up and down, as if riding on long waves of wind, and he utters a loud cackle which echoes cheerily through the woods.

I remember where I killed my finest specimen of this kind of woodpecker. It was on the side of John's Mountain, about twenty miles from father's plantation. I was climbing up a very steep place among some small "black-jack" trees, when the bird flew right over my head, and launched himself for a strong sweep across the valley. I threw up my gun and fired with a hurried aim. Luckily I hit him; but oh, where he did fall to! It took me nearly a half hour of hard, dangerous clambering down the cliffs to get to him.

I sent the Englishman thirteen birds—their skins I mean—before he got two he would be satisfied with. Then I wrote to him not to send me the money, but to get me the best double-barreled shot-gun the ten pounds would buy in London. This he did, and I afterward carried the gun through many a big hunt in Florida.

What made my school-life in the woods most delightful was the companionship of my brother, a little younger than I, who studied with me. He was a most enthusiastic egg-hunter. He collected for the cabinets of two or three gentlemen a great number of rare bird-eggs. We both delighted in shooting with the bow and arrow. Sometimes we spent a day in the woods as follows: We would go to some one of the many cold springs of clear water in among the hills, and select an open spot, where we would set up a small mark to shoot at. Our rule was to shoot for half an hour, then unstring our bows and drink a cup of water, in which we had dissolved some blackberry, mulberry or currant jelly; then take our books and study hard for an hour, after which take another half-hour's shooting, followed by lunch. Under such circumstances study was easy and our sport was glorious.

Those little mountain streams of North Georgia abound in bass, a very game fish. We used to angle a great deal in the season for it. Sometimes we would neglect our lessons a little when the fish were particularly lively; but we made up for this on rainy days, when we could do nothing but study.

Late in the bass-fishing season the muscadines ripen along the streams. They are very large wild grapes, growing, not in clusters, but singly, as plums do. I know of nothing more delicious than the juice of a muscadine. We used to take a flat-bottomed little boat, and pole it along the banks of those rivers where the muscadine-vines covered the

overhanging trees, and, getting hold of a bough, we would shake down the dark purple fruit until the floor was covered. Then we would eat and study at the same time, while the waves of the river kept our boat gently swaying up and down. We sometimes professed to think that muscadine juice softened the conditions of an algebraic problem, and even brightened the angles of French verbs. When we were reading Fénelon's "Adventures of Telemachus," we haunted a little island in the Oothcaloga, which we named "L'Île de Calypso," where we built ourselves a rude shelter under a giant plane-tree. From the stream at the south end of this island we caught some very large bass, and some blue perch, called bream by the Southern people.

Immediately after the first heavy frosts of autumn, we went to the mountains to gather chestnuts. The trees were generally very large, and often they bore enormously large quantities of those huge prickly burrs in which the nuts grow. After the frost, the first wind would cover the ground at the roots of the trees with the burrs already opened and the nuts peeping out. Nowhere in the world could be found finer chestnut forests than those of North Georgia a few years ago; but now they are sadly dilapidated, worms having killed many of the trees. On our nutting excursions we went in a mountain cart drawn by a mule, and camped out for a week or so. We studied at night, by the light of flaming splinters of resinous pine, called by the Southern people "lightwood." Our teachers sometimes would go with us on these pleasant rambles, giving us our lectures in the open air. This camping out is a very enjoyable thing in every way, when the weather is fine. Wilson's beautiful descriptive prose discloses its very subtlest charm when read aloud to the accompaniment of a crackling out-door fire, amid the stillness of the woods by night. Meat is juicier and bread sweeter when eaten in the open air, and mental food takes on the same increase of flavor and novelty of taste when blown over by the winds, shone upon by the sun and moon, and dampened by the dews of nature.

When men ask me where I was educated, I answer: "In the University of the Woods," and they sometimes add the further question:

"Is that a German school?"

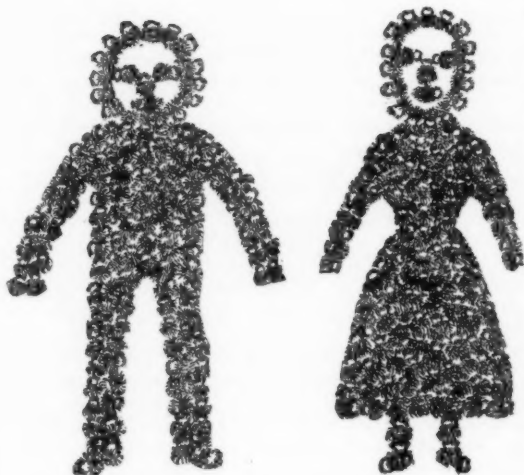
Then I look grave and shake my head, saying:

"No, it is situated in the Georgian mountains."

Which, of course, sounds very much as if my education were Asiatic!

THE BURDOCK BOY AND GIRL.

BY MARY L. B. BRANCH.



THEY were a funny pair. Kit and Sue made them out of burdock burrs, down in the corner of the garden under the apple-tree. The picture shows you the way they looked, and the burrs that had bloomed out pink were set in their faces for eyes, and noses, and mouths. The boy had pink buttons down his jacket.

"They shall have a nice little house, right here by this catnip," said Sue, clearing a spot.

"And now let's make them some chairs," said Kit.

You see how the chairs were made, and they had pink cushions. The burdock boy and girl immediately sat down, and stared at each other.

Then a table was made of fine strong burrs, and burr plates were placed on it, heaped high with pink burr dainties.

"I want an apple," said the burdock boy, in a voice resembling Sue's.

"And I want a cookie," said the girl, in tones like Kit's.

But they did not eat much after all, and the meal was soon over. Then said the burdock boy:

"Will you dance?"

"I can't," sighed the girl.

"I can't either," laughed the boy. "Will you walk and jump?"

"No, my chair is too heavy," said the girl; for you see when she had once sat down, she could

not get up without carrying the chair on her back, because burrs stick so tight.

"Oh, you funny little folks!" exclaimed Sue; "you can't do a thing but just sit there and keep house. Come, Kit, let's go and see if there are any more raspberries ripe!"

So away the restless children ran, and left the burdock boy and girl motionless in their chairs. They sat there all day, and all night. They sat there a whole week in fact, even when it rained, and they grew very brown and hopeless-looking, they found it so tiresome.

No wonder they could n't bear it any longer. Perhaps the burdock boy whispered to the burdock girl:

"Kit and Sue wont come again. Let's go find them!"

At all events, when sister Clara strolled idly along the garden-path one day, the little burdock folks caught fast hold of her pretty gray skirts, and went along with her, chairs and all.

Along the path, across the lawn, through the piazza, and into the very parlor went the little clinging burrs, and two or three voices called out:

"Do look at your dress behind, Clara!"

"I'll pick them off," said Sue good-naturedly; and she and Kit, with great pains, disentangled the now nearly shapeless mass of dried-up burrs.



They threw them into the kitchen fire, and it was not until they were fairly blazing up, that Kit said: "I do really believe that was our burdock boy and girl!" But it was too late.

WHAT HAPPENED TO MARGERY DAW.

THERE were once two old hens; one was named Mrs. A. M., because she laid an egg every morning, and the other was named Mrs. P. M., because she laid her eggs in the afternoon. But at the time of this story, Mrs. P. M. was not laying any eggs. She had ten little chickens to take care of, and that was as much as she could do.

Well, Mrs. A. M. was on her nest in the chicken-house, one morning, and Margery Daw was standing outside in the field. Margery was a cow, and she was standing very quietly in the shade of the chicken-house, chewing her cud and switching off flies with her tail. There was a window, almost over Mrs. A. M.'s nest, and this was open with the sash propped up by a stick. Margery Daw was standing near the window, and nearly every time she switched her tail it struck the lower part of the window, which worried Mrs. A. M. a good deal. She was afraid the tail might come in all the way, and strike her.

"I wish Margery Daw would go somewhere else and switch her tail," she thought; "or, if she wont do that, I wish I was not so easily frightened. Margery is not easily frightened, and she does not know how to feel for such little creatures as we are. She is so large, that she would not care how much I wagged my tail or flapped my wings about her."

Just at this time a very large fly bit Margery Daw on her side, and she gave a great switch with her tail to brush it off. She switched so hard that she struck the stick which held up the window-sash, and jerked it out into the field. Down came the sash with a bang, which frightened Mrs. A. M. so much that she flew cackling and screaming off her nest.

Margery Daw was not frightened by the noise; she just looked around to see what it was, and not noticing that anything unusual had happened, went on chewing her cud. She soon felt another fly-bite, but when she went to switch the fly off, she found she could not do it. The end of her tail was fast in the window. When the window-sash fell, it caught the long brush at the end of her tail, and, as the sash was heavy, and fitted tightly, the brush was wedged in so firmly that she could not move it. But it did not hurt her, because the brush was nothing but long hair, which had no more feeling in it than the hair of your head.

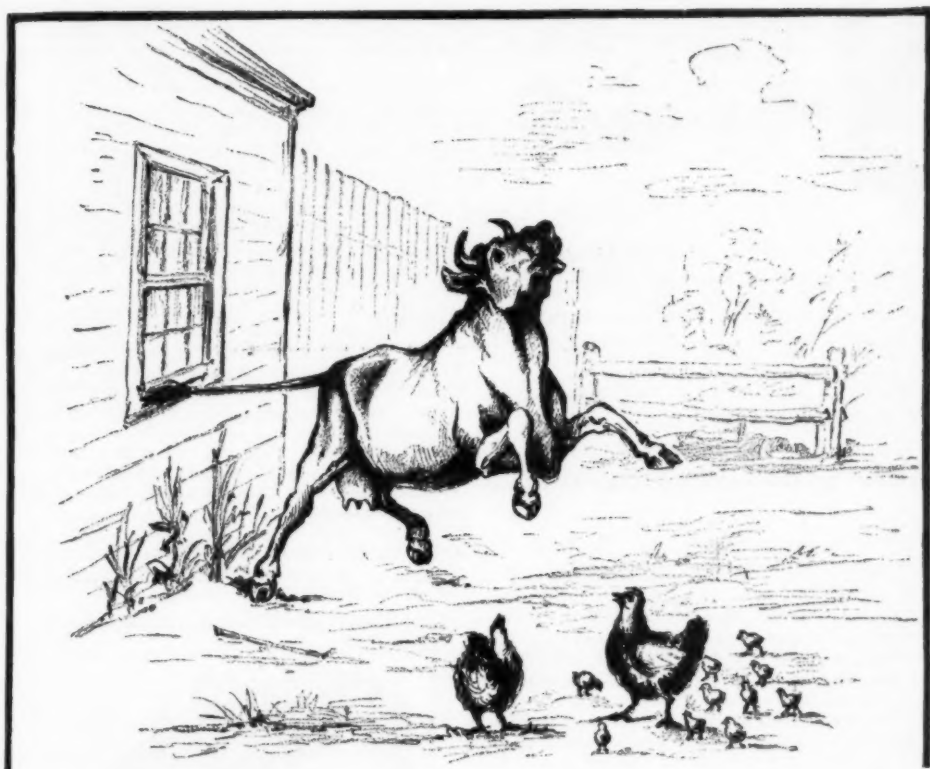
Margery Daw was very much surprised when she found that she could not switch her tail, and she began to pull away from the window as hard as she could. And when she found that she could not even

move away from the side of the chicken-house, she became frightened, and pulled and jerked and bellowed at a great rate.

"I declare," said Mrs. A. M., "she is really more frightened than ever I was. At least, she is making more noise."

"I should think so," said Mrs. P. M., who was there with all her little ones; "you could not be frightened enough to make a noise like that."

Just then, the old man who owned the cow and the chickens heard Margery Daw's bellowing and came down to the chicken-house. He



lifted up the window-sash and let her loose. As soon as she found she was free, she ran as hard as she could to the other side of the field.

"Well, well," said Mrs. A. M., as she went back to her nest, "I did not think that Margery Daw could be so frightened. But then it took a good deal to frighten her. Being fast by the tail is a serious matter. Perhaps I ought to try never to be frightened except by a serious matter. I will try; but, after all, cows and hens are very different creatures."



JACK-IN-THE-PULPIT.

HURRAH for October, with its brisk air, its ripe apples and sweet nuts, and the crackle of wood-fires in the early mornings!

Cheerful times, these, my friends; cheerful, because busy, perhaps; all the busier that the days are shorter. And now, here are some little matters for you to look into.

To begin with: Will somebody please tell me the meaning of this very

QUEER LETTER.

Illinois.

DEAR MR. JACK: I write this to let you know that, out our way,

C C
S I

but I hope you are having seasonable weather.—Yours truly, S. K.

COLUMBUS'S EGG OUTDONE.

I ONCE thought that only Christopher Columbus ever made an egg stand on end without support. He did it by breaking the shell, I believe. But now word comes of a gentleman who can set up eggs on end, whole rows of them, so that they stand by themselves, and that, too, without breaking one of them! He stands them best on a marble slab, and says that it is not a difficult thing to do.

Then, what your Jack would like to know is, why in the world did n't Columbus do it in this way, and save his egg?

Stranger still, this steady-handed gentleman can stand an egg on a napkin-ring and then balance another egg on the top of the first!

I am afraid the great discoverer could n't have done that.

But now, my patient youngsters, get a lot of eggs,—if anybody will trust you with them,—sit down quietly, and try if you also cannot outdo Christopher Columbus. And when you have out-

done him in the matter of standing eggs on end, get up, and improve on a few other things he did.

A ROTARY YACHT.

Brooklyn, N. Y.

DEAR JACK-IN-THE-PULPIT: Edward C. D. once wrote to you that he had seen in San Francisco a circular boat with sails and oars, and you gave a picture of it in June, 1877.

We have had one of these boats in Prospect Park for a long time, only it has water all around it, excepting just where you get in. It is called a "rotary yacht," and the little lake is named "Lake Como." The commodore stands on the landing and calls out that you may have a voyage for five cents, keep it up as long as you like, and stop at any place in the world you choose, and that there is no extra charge for "oars and moonlight."—Yours truly, B. B.

JAPANESE CHARM-SHELLS.

CHARM-SHELLS are supposed by some persons in Japan, to keep away dragons and other evils from anybody who wears them. If the shells really do this, Japanese dragons must be easily scared!

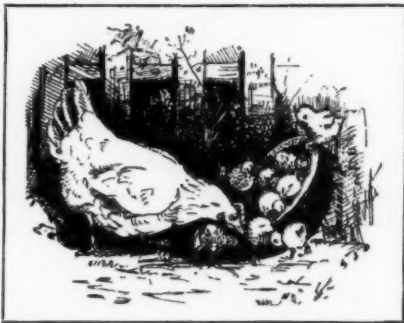
However, I was going to tell you of two of these charm-shells. They had nothing terrible about them. One was in the shape of a small roll, longer than its width. It was prettily pointed, and was stained outside with brown, speckled with white squares.

The other charm was an oyster-shell, measuring about six inches across, and filled with tiny grinning images of mother-of-pearl, which were believed to be gods. There was a good number of them, but not enough to scare a mosquito of ordinary size, I am sure. How small those dragons must be, I can't begin to think.

The way the images are made is curious. A priest forms some little figures with lead, and slips them between the shells of a living oyster, a few at a time, for it would kill the fish to put in too many at once. In the course of years, the oyster is full of images, which it has covered with a beautiful coating of pearly shell. Then the priest takes the oyster-shell with its images, calls it a charm, and sells it at a high price.

ALL IN A NUTSHELL.

G. L. F. sends word from one of the West India Islands, as follows:

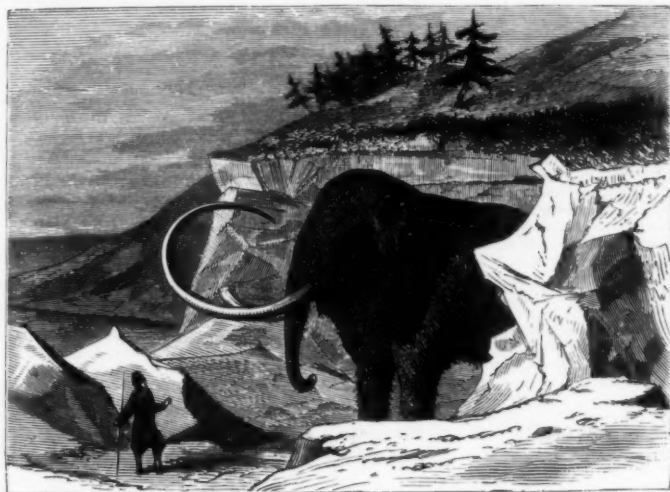


"The chickens here are very fond of cocos-nut; and, if a nut is cracked for them and a part placed on the ground, the chicks and the hen will run to it, and, in a moment, the hollow shell will be filled with squealing young ones, pushing, jumping, tumbling one over another, and pecking at the sweet white meat. The mother stands

by, and, whenever she sees a chance, picks out little bits for the unlucky chicks who have been turned out; and all the while the shell full of restless little beings rolls and rocks about, adding fun to the confusion."

A TOO-OBEDIENT ZULU.

ONE day, a friend of your Jack's was visiting the Botanical Gardens at Durban in Natal, South Africa. He rode through the natural jungle, away up to the top of a beautiful range of hills, and there



A MAMMOTH ELEPHANT IN ICE.

he had the pleasure of finding a fine garden well stocked with foreign trees and plants.

Hearing angry voices, the visitor waited under some trees till the manager appeared. He looked very hot and troubled, and made apology for the "hard words," saying:

"It would have made Job mad. I had succeeded in growing a fine set of vines, bearing twenty-six different kinds of grapes. I wished to find out which kind would best suit the Natal climate, but feared that the birds might get ahead of me. So I had a number of muslin bags made, and told a Zulu servant to tie up a bunch in every bag. Just now, I met the Zulu trundling a large wheelbarrow loaded with muslin bags stuffed with grapes. He had cut off all the bunches first, and then tied them up in the bags!"

That was provoking, but still the Zulu had been obedient,—perhaps too obedient.

THOUSANDS OF YEARS IN ICE.

THIS month, my dears, you have a picture of a mammoth elephant, which, although dead, was preserved as fresh as a fairy for I don't know how many thousands of years, in a big block of ice.

The creature was found by a Siberian fisherman in the last year of the last century, as he was walking along the shore of the Arctic Ocean near the

mouth of the river Lena. Its flesh, skin, hair, wool, and everything, were in perfect condition, and it was about as big as a modern elephant.

Being left unguarded for some time after the ice had melted, much of the flesh was eaten by wolves and bears, who made no complaint about the dinner being cold, although it had waited for them such a long time. The tusks, weighing three hundred pounds, were taken by the finder as his prize; and now the skeleton is set up in St. Petersburg.

Your Jack was reminded about this on hearing of a discovery near Newburgh a while ago. Some men, while digging a trench on a farm, found the bones of an animal that must have stood about twelve feet high when alive. The bones were those of a mastodon, a creature different from the mammoth elephant of Siberia, and rather larger.

There are no such animals as these living nowadays, I believe; but if there are, I hope none of them will come tramping around my pulpit.

Oho! Wait a moment, now. Of course there can be no doubt that the Siberian mammoth was found actually imbedded

in the middle of a block of ice,—but how did he get in? Find out, my boys and girls!

SWEET POTATOES AND MORNING GLORIES.

PERHAPS you never thought that sweet potatoes are relatives of morning glories? Well, they are, and not very distant relatives, either.

Look a little further into this; and if you find anything curious, let your Jack know, for morning glories are great favorites of his.

A NERVOUS SNAKE.

Oxford, Wis.

DEAR JACK-IN-THE-PULPIT: Have you ever seen with your eyes, or heard about with your ears, the mysterious glass-snake of the Mississippi Valley?

It is not very big, and not the least dangerous: simply a little brown reptile. But just hit him, and, presto! he flies into pieces as if he were really glass and not flesh and bone.

And this is not all. The natives assure me that if left undisturbed after he has been killed undeniably dead, he will gather his pieces together, and squirm off again.

A learned man, named Steele, writes of this snake: He is so constructed that a sudden fright, like a blow, alarms his nervous system, and his muscles, contracting violently, break him to bits. But Steele does not tell about this extraordinary resurrection trick of the glass-snake. Perhaps he did not believe it could be true.

If snakes of this kind were plentiful, and I could test one, I would soon find out about this.

Is there any young naturalist among your readers who can tell me more about the habits of this odd creature, and if he is weakened by having his nerves unstrung?—Yours inquiringly,

L. K. J.

THE LETTER-BOX.

We have received several letters in regard to the "Puzzling Picture," published in our June number, some of them coming to hand very lately. It seems to have required a good deal of time to find out the intention and plan of this curious picture.

Two of the letters received were very interesting. One was from the son of the artist who, more than half a century ago, designed and drew the original of our picture, and the other was from a granddaughter of said artist. These persons, one living in Dakota Territory and the other in Nebraska, were much surprised and pleased to see in St. NICHOLAS a copy of the strange picture with which they were so familiar in their youth. Each of them, not knowing that the other had written, sent us a full description and history of the engraving, and explained the way in which it should be looked at.

The original of our picture was a large lithograph, drawn by William Mason, an artist and teacher in Philadelphia, about 1822 or 1824. It represents, not a church, as was supposed, but the old Philadelphia Bank Building, which used to stand at the corner of Fourth and Chestnut streets, in that city, while the edifice in the grounds is the watchman's box. This picture was called a "Horizontorium," or "Perspective run mad," and was very much larger than the engraving which we made from it, which had to be made of a size to suit our page.

The plan or method of drawing such a picture is as follows: All perpendicular lines are made to radiate from the point of sight, and all horizontal lines are drawn at right angles to each other, with one of their angles touching a perpendicular. In our picture, the point of sight is a quarter of an inch below the letter P, in the word "PUZZLING," under the picture. It will easily be seen that all the perpendicular lines in the engraving radiate from this point.

A good way to look at this picture is to take a piece of card-board, about three inches long, and bend the bottom of it, in the manner shown in this diagram. Two holes should be made in the card, and the one in the lower bent portion should be so placed that the point of sight can be seen through it. The hole in the upright portion should be 2-8 inches from the bottom, or the angle formed by the bent part. Through this upper hole the picture should be viewed, when all its peculiar perspective—or, rather, want of perspective—will disappear.

Letters in regard to this puzzling picture have been received from R. H. Vanderbilt; M. V. R.; W. I. C.; I. P. Reynolds, jr.; R. Hoard, L. G. Francklyn, besides the full and interesting explanations from S. Rufus Mason, and M. S. P., the son and the granddaughter of the artist.



West Haven, Conn.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I am very glad your July number gave directions for making a hammock. I have made three, my brother two, and my little sister (eight years old) has made one large enough for herself. One night my brother, another boy and myself, slept out all night in them, and thought it great fun. I should have slept out more, but I had a bad cold. We all take a great deal of comfort in our hammocks. Mamma says she thinks we have got well paid for taking ST. NICHOLAS this year. I am thirteen years old, and your attentive reader,

ROBERT AUGUR.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: In the course of my reading, I have gathered one anagram and another until I have quite a curious budget, and from it I have selected several which I now send you: Telegraphs—great helps: Astronomers—moon-starrers: Penitentiary—nay, I repent it; Old England—golden land; John Abernethy (noted for bluntness and roughness)—Johnny, the Bear; Radical reform—rare mad frolic; Presbyterian—best in prayer; Florence Nightingale—flit on, cheering angel; Horatio Nelson—*Honor est a Nilo* (Honor is from the Nile).

This is an Englishman's anagram on Napoleon Bonaparte: "*Bona rapta leno ponit*—Rascal, yield up your stolen possessions."

A Frenchman of much note, Charles Genest, was distinguished for a very large nose; some wag found in his name the anagram, "*Est-ce un grand nez*!—Ah, that is a big nose!"

When George Thompson was urged to go into Parliament to serve the cause of negro emancipation, a friend found a reason for this course in the letters of his name, which were transposed into: "O go, —the negro's M. P."

I think you must be able to appreciate the anagram on Editors— "so tired."—Yours, S. K.

Pottstown, Pa.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: Please tell me what the Emperor Moth (Saturnia Io) feeds on, and what heat is needed to hatch the eggs. J. D. S., Jr.

Saturnia Io feeds on the balsam, poplar and elm, and also on dogwood, sassafras, Indian corn and clover. The moth has been reared successfully upon locust leaves. The ordinary heat of the air will hatch the eggs.

Be careful not to handle the young caterpillar, as the stiff prickles on the back sting poisonously.

ALPHABET VERSES.—Verses containing all the letters of the alphabet, as asked for in the August "Letter-Box," have been received from Alice S. Wyman—T. F. Turner—A. L. R.—Bertie E. Sauerwein—Alice Robinson—A. J. G. Perkins—P. V.—and from Charlie and Mattie Richardson, who send the following four couplets, each of which contains all the letters of the alphabet:

At Woonsocket, July twenty-sixth, we began
Some very queer stanzas formed after this plan.

In which every joker, in alphabets seen,
Shall be fixed as requested by this magazine.

'T is unjust to expect us to rhyme "good and slick,"
When mosquitoes are buzzing, and fly very thick.

But the twenty-six letters, have each much to do,
In these queerly formed stanzas, just please look them through.

W. H. A. sends no verse, but a very short sentence, cut from an old newspaper, and which was composed by a boy ten years old. It contains every letter of the alphabet, and only thirty-three in all: "Pack with my box five dozen quills.—J. Grey."

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: In writing to a person and asking about his father, mother, aunt, or cousin, etc., is it proper to begin those words with capitals, or not? And in writing of your own father, mother, etc., which is the right way to begin the word? Please answer in the "Letter-Box," and you will greatly oblige

A CONSTANT READER.

When the words "Father," "Mother," "Papa," "Mamma," etc., are used as though they were proper names: or when the old-fashioned, colloquial particle "the" precedes "Father" or "Mother"; these four words are usually begun with capitals.

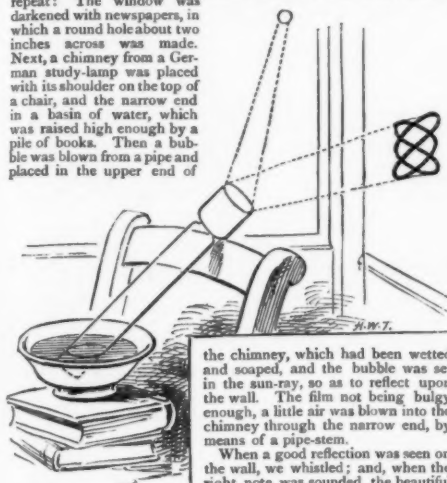
It would be proper to write: "When you have seen Father, tell me how he is,"—or, "The Mother sends her love"; and also, "When you have seen your father, tell me how he is," or, "My mother sends her love." It is best to begin "Pa" and "Ma" always with capitals; but the use of these contractions in writing should be avoided as much as possible.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: While Jessie and I were blowing soap-bubbles, the other day, we happened to blow one in a ray of sunlight, and it sent a curious and beautiful reflection on the white wall. We found out that when we talked the bubble seemed to shake and tremble, and the reflection also.

Thinking to get a better view of the trembling, we blew a film across the bottom of a lamp-chimney, and set it on a chair in such a manner as to reflect the sunlight on the wall. Any talking in

the room made the reflection jump up and down on the wall; and certain sounds produced regular figures, like the "lathe-work" on a bank-hill.

After that, we tried the following experiment, which any one can repeat: The window was darkened with newspapers, in which a round hole about two inches across was made. Next, a chimney from a German study-lamp was placed with its shoulder on the top of a chair, and the narrow end in a basin of water, which was raised high enough by a pile of books. Then a bubble was blown from a pipe and placed in the upper end of



the chimney, which had been wetted and soaped, and the bubble was set in the sun-ray, so as to reflect upon the wall. The film not being bulgy enough, a little air was blown into the chimney through the narrow end, by means of a pipe-stem.

When a good reflection was seen on the wall, we whistled; and, when the right note was sounded, the beautiful geometric figures appeared. Certain

notes would break the bubbles almost as soon as they were sounded.

Hoping you will have our rough sketch redrawn, and help to show your other boys and girls the reality of "sound-waves," we remain,

CHARLIE AND JESSIE BRISTOL.

THREE SUBSCRIBERS.—It would not be possible to give you directions how to make a paper shell-boat for two rowers. The job would call for heavy and costly apparatus, and some of the processes are so difficult and intricate that only trained workmen could carry them out.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: While we were in the south of England this last summer, my brother Ernest found the nest of a harvest-mouse. It is a round hollow ball, about as large as a big base-ball, and is made of fine shreds of grass woven into a kind of shell. The doorway is elastic, and after the mouse has gone in or out, almost closes of itself. The nest is not on the ground, but it hung upon a stout wheat-stalk about half-way up.

It is wonderful how the tiny mouse can make such a home and place it so high above the ground. The little creature is about two and a half inches in length. What a cosy swaying cradle the nest must be to the baby-mice!—Yours truly,

ALICE K.

MARTHA J. L. sends these two Zululand stories to the "Letter-Box":

A SNAKE STORY.—General Clifford, who was Lord Chelmsford's second in command in the latest Zulu war, was once in the act of sitting down on the ground. Placing one hand beneath him, to ease himself down, he felt something clammy to the touch, and found, to his horror, that it was a most venomous reptile, the puff adder. With wonderful presence of mind, he firmly held his hand down so that the snake could not move, and with his other hand he drew from his pocket his clasp-knife. This he opened with his teeth, and then he coolly severed the snake's head from its body.

A TIGER STORY.—Bishop Schroeder, a Norwegian, for a long time missionary in Zululand, was at length driven out of that country by King Cetwayo. Many years ago he had a curious encounter with a large panther.

They met face to face on the side of a hill. The panther prepared to leap upon the man, and he, being unarmed, did his best to receive him. The missionary aimed for the tongue of the panther, and was so fortunate as to secure it just as the panther dug his claws into his shoulder. Then began a wrestling match. The Norwegian, noted for his great size and strength, was a surprise to the panther. The bishop saw a young sapling, and put his foot against it to secure a good hold on the side of the hill. Suddenly the sapling broke off,

and away went missionary and panther in a warm embrace, rolling down the hill, one over the other by turns. When they reached the bottom, they let go of each other. The panther turned and walked off in one direction and the missionary in the opposite direction. They never met again. Bishop Schroeder suffered for many weeks from the wounds received, but at last happily recovered to doctor many a wounded Zulu.

ETTA M. GOODWIN.—The cross of the Legion of Honor is formed of ten points of white enamel edged with gold; the points are connected with a wreath of laurel, which is placed behind them. In the center of the cross, within a blue circle bearing an inscription, is a symbolical head. To the upper two points of the cross, a crown is attached, and through a ring in the top of this passes the ribbons with which the decoration is worn.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: Yesterday, I heard a gentleman, who has a large store, say that he never does important business on a Friday, nor will he begin a lawsuit, or sign valuable papers, or even send out a traveling salesman, on that day. And another gentleman, whom I know, will not open his mail, nor send off letters, on a Friday. Both these gentlemen are smart, and not foolish in other things, and I cannot see why they act in this curious way.

Sailors will not begin a voyage on Friday, my brother says; they think that, if they should, they would be sure to have foul weather, and perhaps a wreck.

Now, why should these people think Friday an "unlucky" day? Can you of your readers tell me, in the "Letter-Box"?—

M. R. T.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I have a true story to tell you about three little kittens; not the ones who "lost their mittens, all on a shelf so high," but about three kittens who lost their mother before they were old enough to take care of themselves, which I think was much sadder than losing mittens; don't you?

I will tell you how it happened. One morning, puss left her kittens fast asleep in their nest, under the stable, and went into the yard to hunt something for her breakfast. While quietly eating a piece of meat, a neighbor's son, caring only for sport, shot her dead.

The baby kittens awoke, and cried a long time, but as their mother did not come, they were very hungry, and found their way into the chicken-yard, where they sniffed about, crying piteously. There was an old hen with seven little chicks in the yard, and around her the kittens played, after having made their dinner of corn-meal, with the chickens. The hen seemed well satisfied to have them about her, for at night she gathered them under her wings with her chickens, and always afterward treated them as if they belonged to her.

The kitties grew, and the chickies grew, but still they staid together, night and day, in barrel, coop, or wherever the hen chose to take her brood.

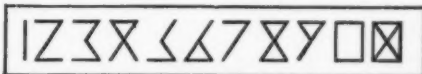
One night, my father put hen and chickens into a box, which he hung high up on the bare stable wall, so as to keep them from the rats. In the morning, when he took them down from their high perch, behold! there were the kitties, all three nesting under the hen, as snugly as the chickens themselves.

They grew together to be large cats and chickens, perfectly harmonious and happy.

"COUSIN JENNIE."

Des Moines, Iowa.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: Here is something curious which I have learned. The Egyptians had ways of marking numbers even earlier than the Arabians, from whom we get the shape of our numerals. But



the Arabic notation is only the Egyptian slightly changed, as you may see from this sketch, in which each numeral is formed from some part of the last character in the row. This character merely contains all the rest, and I do not think it stands for anything.—Truly yours,

B. F. G.

TABBY.—If your cat with blue eyes is white all over without a speck of color, she probably is deaf, and that would account for her never answering to a call excepting when she sees you.

Some people think that all white cats with blue eyes are deaf. Whether this is always true or not, cannot be known, but it is certain that there once was a white, blue-eyed Persian cat which was stone deaf; and that all those of her kittens which were white and had blue eyes were deaf, while all those which had any color at all on their fur could hear perfectly well.

Worms on the Rhine, Germany.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: You asked in your July number if any of your readers had been in Westminster Abbey. I have been there and have seen the tomb of Catharine, beloved daughter of Henry III. and his Queen Eleanor. We also went to St. Paul's Cathedral, and I remembered what you told us in the January number about the Children's Day at St. Paul's. I am ten years old. I am living now in Worms with my Mamma and cousin. When your July number came it seemed like a friend from home.—From your reader, M. H. H.

INDIAN PIPES.

O, INDIAN PIPES, a-springing up,
Under the pine-trees' shade,
So gleaming white and strange you seem,
Almost I am afraid!

Growing o'er "happy hunting-grounds,"
Whose chieftains brave are gone;
On land where the wigwam rose of old
You now are left alone!

Perchance, you're but the risen ghoshs
Of pipes they used to smoke,
In peaceful times, when no warrior's cry
The woodland echoes woke.

However it be, I only know
That here you live and grow,
The likeness of those Indian Pipes
They smoked so long ago.

C. A. D.

Washington, D. C.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: Mamie E. W. asks in your magazine of August for a quiet game. Tell her to ask her papa to buy her a microscope. My papa has one, and he shows me every day something wonderful. Sometimes it is a drop of water in which grass has been soaking, and I see in it lots and lots of tiny animals darting

about, as if they thought they were as big and important as real fishes. Sometimes he shows me a drop of vinegar, and I can see things like eels squirming in it. Sometimes he puts a moth under, and shows me his tongue curved round and round like a rope; and the moth is covered all over with feathers, and it has a beautiful fringe all round its wings, and its eyes are like blackberries; and papa says that what I call its eyes are five thousand eyes all close together. And the colors of these moths are just like the rainbow. Their tongues are just like elephants', only a great deal larger in proportion.—I am yours truly,
TOM J. CURTIS.

W.—Good works on Optics are: "Light"; by Mayer and Barnard, published by D. Appleton & Co.; which gives an illustrated series of cheap experiments from which a great deal can be learned; and "The Wonders of Optics," an interesting book published by Charles Scribner's Sons, and containing many illustrations and anecdotes.

Brooklyn, N. Y.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I have just found out something that may interest the other readers of the "Letter-Box." It is that the whole of Manhattan Island, on which New York City is built, was bought from Indian chiefs by an agent of a Dutch company in the year 1626, and that the price paid for it was a quantity of beads, buttons and trinkets, worth about twenty-four dollars. Think of the rise in the price of real estate since that time! Why, twenty-four dollars would hardly buy a square yard of the island now.—Truly yours,
H. M. M.

Baker City, Oregon.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: In your August number, in the front, is a picture and a piece of poetry about the Kaiserblumen. Will you please tell me what the botanical name of the flower is?—Yours truly,
J. F.

The botanical name of the "Kaiserblume" is "Centauria," a genus of the order Asteraceae. Its common names are: Cornflower, Blue-bonnet, Blue-bottle, Blue-weed, and Bachelor's Button. Its flowers are some of one color, some of other colors.

THE RIDDLE-BOX.

ENIGMA.

I AM a kind of raft or float, and my name is spelled with nine letters.

My 5, 8, 9, an animal, herds and guards my 7, 6, 5, also an animal; and pets and keeps my 1, 2, 3, another animal, for the sake of being rid of my 7, 4, 3, also an animal. H. H. D.

DIAMOND PUZZLE.

1. In ape. 2. A name for a girl. 3. A minute animalcule. 4. A marine bird. 5. A means of measuring. 6. The name given to a small cube, or to a stamp. 7. In onyx. ISOLA.

EASY CROSS-WORD ENIGMA.

My first is in pear, but not in fruit,
My second in trees, but not in root;
My third is in poison, but not in sting;
And my whole is a very dangerous thing. L. F. W.

HOUSEHOLD PROBLEM.

YOUNG Thomas is poor, but very neat in his appearance. He wishes to wear two shirts a week, but desires to buy as few shirts as possible. What is the smallest number he need buy, so as to put on a clean shirt every Sunday and Wednesday, his washing and ironing being done on Mondays and Tuesdays?
BEATRICE.

BEHEADINGS AND CURTAILMENTS.

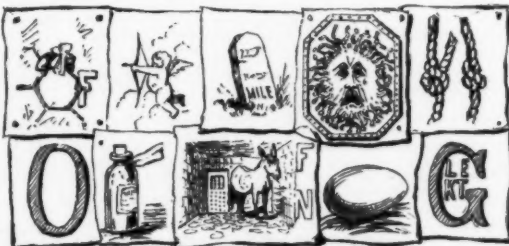
1. BEHEAD and curtail the central portion of a winding staircase, and leave a sheep. 2. Behead and curtail a secret store, and leave an instrument used by fishermen. 3. Behead and curtail a kind of can-

dle, and leave an imitator. 4. Behead and curtail a pleasure vehicle, and leave an interjection of regret. 5. Behead and curtail to speak languidly, and leave bleak. 6. Behead and curtail a country-seat, and leave unwell. W. F. W.

DROP-LETTER PROVERB.

EVERY other letter is omitted: A—O—I—A—G—O—A—A—I—K—O
B—I—D—O—S. A. H. W.

QUOTATION PUZZLE.



From Shakespeare's Play, Henry VIII.

NUMERICAL ENIGMA.

My whole, spelled with seven letters, is a Turkish dagger. My 4, 7, 6, 2 is an insect. My 1, 5, 3 is an exclamation of surprise. K. E. E.

WORD SYNCOPATIONS.

1. TAKE an abbreviated military title from a favorite beverage, and leave a noted American lawyer. 2. Take a vowel from a canal, and leave a texture of rushes. 3. Take a pain from stretched, and leave a color. 4. Take a decree from susceptible of touch, and leave a plate of baked clay. 5. Take a kind of liquor from a male servant, and leave the abbreviated name of a State. 6. Take an island from to lead astray, and leave furious.

UNCLE WILL.

VERY EASY REBUS.



Find the names of nine birds represented in the picture.

PUZZLE.

T
C A E
R

From the letters above given, spell five words each containing all of these five letters. Four of the words can be read off from the diagram without skipping a letter, by taking the proper letter to begin with.

H. H. D.

EASY ARITHMETICAL PROBLEM.

a b
c d
e b c
f g d
k i h c

EACH letter represents a numeral, and the whole is a problem in simple multiplication, worked in full. Find the numerals employed. When sending the solution, describe the process followed in solving the problem.

A + B.

TRANSPPOSITIONS.

THE words, of which the letters are transposed in this puzzle, are the names of trees. In each sentence, the single blank is to be filled with the name of a tree, and the letters of this name, when re-arranged, are to be used to fill the other blank, or blanks, in such a way as to complete the sense.

1. I do not like the color of the beech — as that of the —.
2. The sordid woodman — little that the ancient — must come down.
3. I saw her — to herself, as she was walking under a row

of —. 4. While plucking fruit from the —, the lively pickers joked and laughed; and witticism, —, and epigram were the order of the hour. 5. There was — room for the whole picnic party under the wide-spreading — branches.

SEVEN-LETTER ENIGMA.

A YOUNG lady writes from Baden Baden: Dear Uncle 5, 4, 3: We are well. We left 2, 3, 4, 5, 1 two days ago, and are having a pleasant time at this 1, 2, 3. 2, 3 has bought me a fine 4, 5, 6, 7 and a diamond 2, 5, 6, and promises, before we return to America, to take us through 1, 2, 3, 5, 6. There I shall see some of those castles which have so long been nothing but 3, 5, 4. Oh, I could 1, 5, 6, 7 with delight! Do not take 2, 3, 5, 6, 1 to reply, as I cannot give you a sure address. Your dutiful niece 5, 6, 3. P. S. You can fill up the numbered 7, 3, 5, 1 in my letter, by taking letters from a word meaning what my bounteous 2, 3, and liberal uncle 5, 4, 3 are not. L.

EASY SQUARE-WORD.

1. A YOUNG human being. 2. What dull people seldom have. 3. A plant that grows in water. 4. Young human beings.

ALLIE BERTHAM.

ARTICLES OF ATTIRE ENIGMATICALLY EXPRESSED.

1. A BAND, and a border. 2. Part of a gun, and two-thirds of obtain. 3. A command for silence, and a tool. 4. A dish, a member, and to go wrong. 5. An animal, a covering, and to plunder. 6. A luminary, a French nurse, and a beverage. 7. A fluid, and trial. 8. A parent, a beam, and the name of a musical note. 9. A vegetable, a boy's name, and two-thirds of damp. 10. A consonant, and a stream. 11. To straighten up, and hired out. 12. A foddling, a knot, and a place for herding sheep. 13. A member, a dog, and the principal. 14. Pipes. 15. Be careful, and to fether. 16. To give a smart blow, and the noise made by a contented pet. 17. An extremity, and to fondle. 18. A headland. 19. Skaters. LE BARON.

TWO EASY WORD-SQUARES.

I.—1. A fixed period of time, from which dates are computed. 2. The title of a Turkish governor. 3. The water-willow. 4. At a low price. 5. A fabulous winged monster.
II.—1. An uncultivated tract. 2. To permit. 3. A gentle hill. 4. A person of confirmed drinking habits. 5. Large pitchers.

LOCUST.

EASY ENIGMA.

My first is in cat, but not in dog.
My next is in vapor, and also in fog.
My third is in long, but not in short:
My fourth is in stronghold, not in fort;
My fifth is in visage, but not in face;
And my whole may be found by a fire-place.

HARD AND TOUGH.

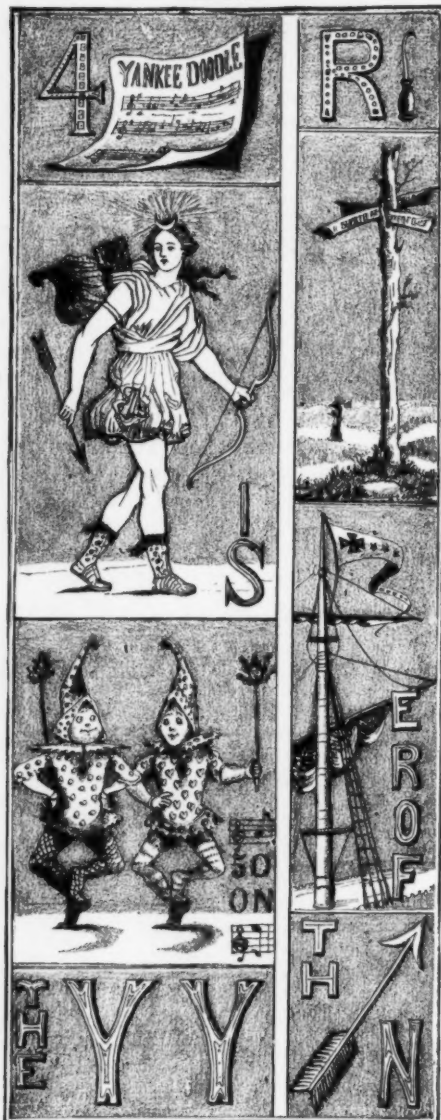
BEHEADED RHOMBOID.

BEHEADED, the horizontals are: 1. Poor habitations. 2. Articles used in writing. 3. Short times spent in sleep. 4. Torn places. 5. Behind time.

Prefix a letter to each word and obtain a perfect rhomboid, of which the horizontals are: 1. Closes. 2. Opposite of rhombos. 3. Sudden bites. 4. Voyages. 5. Flushed with success.

The perpendiculars are: 1. A consonant. 2. An exclamation. 3. Elevations of prosperity. 4. A movable shelter. 5. A trap. 6. Four-fifths of a word meaning to pour out. 7. A general name for mineral springs. 8. An abbreviation. 9. A vowel. H. H. D.

REBUS.



The above picture represents a rhymed couplet.

HIDDEN CITIES AND RIVERS.

In each of the following sentences find a city, and the river on which it is situated.

1. The sabre slaughters in a mode really fearful.
2. In order to destroy the owls, we shot them, and they fell with soft thuds on the ground.
3. From Erie to Cincinnati, Bertha traveled by rail.
4. "O, Ma! Has Jane told you? The cream is sour; I cannot drink it."
5. Papa rises occasionally to look at these ineffectual attempts.
6. Show some pluck; now, or the whole gang escapes!
7. He asked me to row him to the pirate's polacca. I rose and refused; and then I left the place.

L. R. B. and J. H. H.

RHOMBOID AND HIDDEN DIAMOND.

The lines of the Rhomboid, reading across in order as they come, spell words meaning: 1. A banquet. 2. To negotiate. 3. Formerly, the cover of a council table; the French word for carpet. 4. Furnished with tines. 5. Manufactured metal.

Reading down, beginning at the left, the columns of the Rhomboid are: 1. In effaceable. 2. A Latin conjunction frequently used in English composition. 3. Skill. 4. Situation. 5. Carpeting. 6. Hue. 7. To behold. 8. A prefix. 9. Fifty.

The concealed diamond, indicated in the diagram by stars, reads the same downward and across: 1. In tent. 2. Devour. 3. Tapes-try. 4. A metal. 5. In side.

N. T. M.

ANSWERS TO PUZZLES IN SEPTEMBER NUMBER.

ENIGMA.—"Casa Guidi Windows."

PICTORIAL ANAGRAMS.—Amazon, Ohio, Utah, Asia.

FOUR EASY WORD-SQUARES.—I. 1. Care; 2. Area; 3. Rear; 4. Ears. II. 1. Seas; 2. Elda; 3. Anil; 4. Salt. III. 1. Head; 2. Era; 3. Army; 4. Day. IV. 1. Lore; 2. Opal; 3. Rack; 4. Elks.—ENIGMA.—Utrecht.

DOUBLE HOUR-GLASS PUZZLE.

BELLOWS

BEEVE

DON

N

NOR

CARED

PARABLE

gush, crush, rush. Fifth Stanza: Broom, doom, loom, doom, room, tomb.

EASY DIAMOND.—1. R. 2. NEd. 3. ReBus. 4. DUn. 5. S.

PICTORIAL QUOTATION.—"Villain and he are many miles asunder."

—EASY METAGRAM.—Clash.

REBUS.—Many men of many minds.

Many birds of many kinds.

Many fishes in the sea.

Many men who can't agree.

ARITHMETICAL KITE.—The product of each line is 9040.

ANAGRAMMATIC DOUBLE DIAMOND.

—1. R. 2. Hip. 3. NaPes. 4. TER.

5. R.

WHEEL PUZZLE.—Spokes: 1. Iota;

2. Idyl; 3. Ibis; 4. Iron; 5. Idol; 6.

Iris; 7. Iris; 8. Isle. Tire: "Alps on

Alps arise"; Pope. Inner Circles: 1.

Try and you will soon find it all. II.

Oh, do be sure to discover this all.

DOUBLE ACROSTIC.—1. MiniM; 2.

AnA; 3. CauseC; 4. DraB; 5. UsagE;

6. JooT; 7. FriH.

ENIGME FRANÇAISE.—"Qui mal veut,

mal lui tourne."

BATTLE ACROSTIC.—Alva. 1. Ar-

bela. 2. Lepanto. 3. Valmy. 4. Agin-

court.

FLORAL ENIGMA.—Heliotrope.

SEXTUPLE WORD-CROSS.—Farewell,

Madeira.

ANSWERS TO PUZZLES IN THE AUGUST NUMBER were received before August 30, from O. C. Turner, and "Henry and Charles," all of whose solutions were correct; and from Clara L. Calhoun and Lucy A. Barbour—Kitty C. Atwater and Bessie Campbell—K. S. Tiff—J. H. M. Wells—O. G. Victor—Ella T. Dargue—C. A. C.—Bessie Taylor—Lancelot Minon—Lizzie H. D. St. Vrain—Susie H. Olmstead—Nellie C. Emerson—M. G. A.—Lulu Mather—Romulus and Remus—Frank S. Brown—Bessie R. Neilson—Jennie Mondacoin—Florence Wilcox—A. W. Stockett—Mary Catlin Phelps—Eloise Hersh—and Bessie Hard.

O. C. T. and C. A. C. point out two errors in the August RIDDLE-BOX; but nearly all the answers correctly solved the puzzles in which the mistakes occurred.

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